

The GRAIL



The Grail

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THE GRAIL

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Mobilize for Mary

DEVOTION to Mary, the Mother of our Lord, is perennial with faithful Catholics. As Mediatrix of all graces and especially now as Queen of Peace we turn to her in our direst need. There is nothing sentimental in our faith and trust in her powerful intercession; ours is rather a childlike confidence in our Mother, ours because she is the mother of our Saviour, Who chose to belong to the human family with us, and ours by the last will and testament of her Divine Son.

We are happy in this issue of THE GRAIL to call to the attention of our readers the International Movement known as the *Mary's Day Movement* to attract Catholics to "Mobilize for Mary" everywhere.

The Mary's Day Movement is an invitation to all children of Mary, Mother of Mankind, to consecrate every Saturday spiritually and lovingly to Mary, their Mother, and once a year, on the Saturday before Mothers' Day (second Sunday in May), to unite through public celebrations and nation-wide demonstrations in proclaiming to the world the filial love and reverent devotion that fills the heart of every true Catholic for the Immaculate Mother of God. Through dissemination of the knowledge of Mary's rightful position in the spiritual universe, souls outside the true Church may be drawn to her, to the feet of Christ. Each child of Mary by this simple means becomes a collaborator with Mary, Mother of Mankind, in an effort to establish Christ's Kingdom on earth.

The Movement was founded by Elizabeth Marable Brennan, LL.D., and was inaugurated through the International Federation of Catholic



Alumnae in 1928. In 1942 *Mary's Day* was sponsored by 150 Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, and was observed in the U.S., Canada, England, Ireland, Serbia, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, China, Philippines, Cuba, West Indies, and Australia.

HOW TO PROMOTE THE MOVEMENT

1. a. Join in the annual public diocesan Mary's Day celebration under the patronage of the local Bishop on the Saturday preceding Mother's Day, as a representative of one's

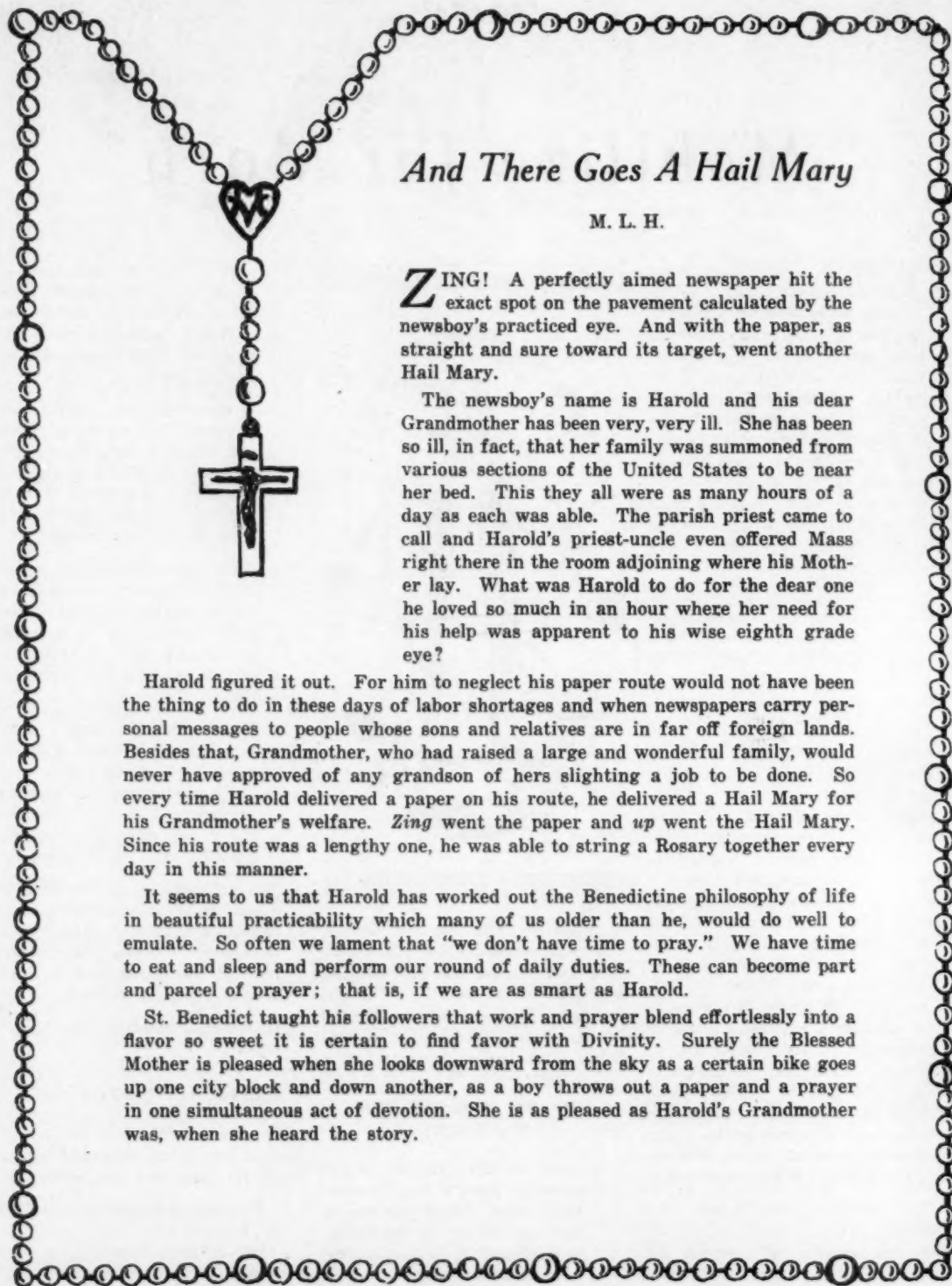
parish or local organization; or if this is impossible, celebrate the day in the parish church by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion in Mary's honor.

- b. Observe Mary's Day each Saturday by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion in honor of Mary, Mother of Mankind, and make an effort to promote the devotion among your family and friends.
 - c. Adopt the Mary's Day pledge cards for personal devotion and try to interest as many relatives and friends as possible, young and old, in making use of this aid to a more spiritual life.
 - d. Erect within the home a devotional shrine in honor of Mary, around which the family may unite in morning and evening prayers and the recitation of the rosary offered for protection, guidance, and peace.
2. Become active in world-wide campaign to promote the Solemn Definition of Mary's Assumption by uniting in prayer for the success of the cause and by distributing prayer leaflets.
 3. Distribute "Mobilize for Mary" leaflets.

MARY'S DAY PLEDGE CARD

To procure "Mobilize for Mary" leaflets for distribution and pledge cards for your own use, write to

The International Mary's Day Committee
131 E. 29th Street,
New York, N. Y.



And There Goes A Hail Mary

M. L. H.

ZING! A perfectly aimed newspaper hit the exact spot on the pavement calculated by the newsboy's practiced eye. And with the paper, as straight and sure toward its target, went another Hail Mary.

The newsboy's name is Harold and his dear Grandmother has been very, very ill. She has been so ill, in fact, that her family was summoned from various sections of the United States to be near her bed. This they all were as many hours of a day as each was able. The parish priest came to call and Harold's priest-uncle even offered Mass right there in the room adjoining where his Mother lay. What was Harold to do for the dear one he loved so much in an hour where her need for his help was apparent to his wise eighth grade eye?

Harold figured it out. For him to neglect his paper route would not have been the thing to do in these days of labor shortages and when newspapers carry personal messages to people whose sons and relatives are in far off foreign lands. Besides that, Grandmother, who had raised a large and wonderful family, would never have approved of any grandson of hers slighting a job to be done. So every time Harold delivered a paper on his route, he delivered a Hail Mary for his Grandmother's welfare. *Zing* went the paper and *up* went the Hail Mary. Since his route was a lengthy one, he was able to string a Rosary together every day in this manner.

It seems to us that Harold has worked out the Benedictine philosophy of life in beautiful practicability which many of us older than he, would do well to emulate. So often we lament that "we don't have time to pray." We have time to eat and sleep and perform our round of daily duties. These can become part and parcel of prayer; that is, if we are as smart as Harold.

St. Benedict taught his followers that work and prayer blend effortlessly into a flavor so sweet it is certain to find favor with Divinity. Surely the Blessed Mother is pleased when she looks downward from the sky as a certain bike goes up one city block and down another, as a boy throws out a paper and a prayer in one simultaneous act of devotion. She is as pleased as Harold's Grandmother was, when she heard the story.

Did He Say Chaplains?

Lieut. Robert J. Sherry, Chaplain



AFTER three months' experience in the Army of the United States as a military chaplain, I can honestly state that the most urgent need of the hour is more Catholic chaplains. We are facing a real crisis in the serious shortage of Catholic chaplains in the Army. I am not familiar with the situation in the Navy but, from all reports, it is worse there. We are far below the quota of chaplains allotted to us by our government. We are disappointing our Army leaders who have a right to expect a better response to their appeals for more Catholic chaplains. This fact is a grave challenge to the entire Catholic Church in this country—bishops, priests, and faithful alike.

It will take the combined good will and ingenuity of both clergy and laity to solve this vexing problem of supplying enough priests to care for the religious and spiritual needs of our Catholic soldiers. The future welfare of the Catholic Church in our country depends in large measure on how quickly and adequately the present shortage of Catholic chaplains is relieved here and now. We are more than two hundred priests short of the number that should be in the Army today, and the number of chaplains on duty at present must be doubled before the end of the year if the Government's goal of one chaplain for every 1200 men is to be realized.

The Chief of Chaplains, Msgr. William R. Arnold, who holds the rank of a brigadier-general, has issued a letter under date of January 10, 1943, to each chaplain in continental United States urging "the most aggressive and sympathetic cooperation of every chaplain now on duty" to increase the flow of chaplains into the service. He points out that "the very future of our religious institutions and freedoms in America and the world may depend on the manner of response of our religious leaders NOW!" Something radical and far reaching must be done at once because "fully half of this year's procurement must be available before July 1, 1943."

The deficiency in the number of Catholic chaplains works a peculiar hardship to both the Catholic boys in the Army and to the Catholic Chaplains who are serving them. This hardship arises from the fact that **ONLY** the Catholic priest can give to the boys who are giv-

This article was written three months after going on active duty. Three more months have passed since then and every passing week adds to the gravity of the situation. With so many divisions of American soldiers going across, the Military Ordinariate is striving to furnish a Catholic Chaplain to every 1200 Catholic men overseas. This means that the home military establishments are being stripped of Chaplains needed to care for the troops in training, so that the boys on the firing line and in danger spots will have a priest.

ing their all the spiritual ministrations and guidance to which they have first right and prior claim. To the non-Catholic boys almost any Protestant minister of whatever denomination can be of satisfactory assistance. The Baptists and Methodists, Lutherans and Presbyterians, can interchange and help one another in looking after the spiritual needs of the greater number of soldiers who come under the general name of Protestant.

But with the Catholic soldier this is not the case. **ONLY** the priest can absolve him from his sins, offer Mass for him, give him Holy Communion, anoint him in serious illness and give him the last blessing of his Church. **ONLY** the priest can give him the authoritative spiritual direction, the soul-satisfying comfort and consolation of Holy Mother Church. The Catholic boy has been accustomed all his life to turn to the priest in his spiritual difficulties. The millions of our Catholic soldiers fighting the battle of our country's salvation and their own, turn instinctively to the priest, their faithful, trusted guide from early youth, for help. What a pity and a shame that in their hour of need they cannot receive the essential services of a Catholic chaplain!

And the tragedy of the situation is that enough priests could be found to fill the half-empty ranks of the Catholic chaplains if the entire Catholic body realized that a war to the death is being fought and that sacrifices in religious conveniences and luxuries must be made by all—bishops, priests, and laity, just as they are being made in many other

fields. The civilian population is getting along without the services of thousands of doctors, nurses, and dentists who have enlisted in the armed forces of the nation. So, too,

The writer was Msgr. Robert J. Sherry, pastor of St. Andrew Church, Cincinnati, before he joined the Army as a chaplain on Oct. 27, 1942. He had been Rector of St. Gregory Seminary and chaplain of the Newman Club of the University of Cincinnati previous to his pastorate.

our Catholic population will have to get along with fewer Masses of convenience and devotion, so that the boys on the firing line, in the hospitals, and the military camps of our nation will have Mass at all.

The Catholic chaplains now in service are doing a splendid piece of work for God and country. They are bringing honor and prestige to the Church they represent. They are a zealous, self-sacrificing, unassuming body of men who by their devotion to duty have won the admiration and respect of all. But the great good they are doing is seriously impaired by the lack of a sufficient number of priests needed to cover the situation adequately. Perhaps an example will make this clear.

At the Post where I am stationed seven regimental chapels have been built by the government for white soldiers and one Post chapel for the regular military staff. There is a large station Hospital now accommodating over 1,800 sick and wounded soldiers. The total number of trainees here ranges between 30,000 and 35,000 soldiers. The percentage of Catholics among them is at least 30% and often higher. At present it is close to 45%. There should be at least one Catholic chaplain attached to each chapel serving a regiment of men and at least one Catholic chaplain in the hospital. This means eight Catholic chaplains are needed at this Post.

For months there have been only four and sometimes three. This means that these few priests must spread themselves thin to try to give the essentials in religious services and spiritual direction to the Catholic soldiers. Each must try to care for over 2,500 soldiers, when the government provides for a chaplain for every 1,200 soldiers. They are happy to say three Masses every Sunday and an evening Mass each week day. But just saying Mass and hearing confession is not enough. A good chaplain is with the men of his regiment in the field, on maneuvers, during recreation, greeting the newcomers, bidding God-speed to the departing, giving talks on various special occasions, as well as being the friend and counsellor of all who seek his advice. This is a full time job, all day long and late into the evening. Four chaplains can only half do a job that requires the full-time services of eight.

As a result the hospital chaplain must help with regimental services so that the men in the field will not be wholly neglected. The sick and wounded consequently receive only a part time service of personal visitation. They have only one Mass on Sunday,—at 6:15 A.M.,—when they should have at least two in the hospital filled with more than 1,800 patients, about a third of them Catholic. The other two Sunday Masses of the hospital chaplain must be said at the Post chapel and at one or other

of the regimental chapels lacking a priest.

The Catholic boys of the regiments without a Catholic chaplain see a priest only at Sunday Mass or in the evening. All day long every day they see the Protestant chaplain who is on the job taking good care of the manifold services which is a chaplain's life, because the Protestants have enough chaplains to assign one or two to each regiment. The Catholic boys cannot but miss the priest. They wonder if all he does is to say Mass and wait for them to hunt him up. It puts the Catholic chaplain at a serious disadvantage, even when he is doing his very best, all that is humanly possible, to do two men's work. The three regiments fortunate enough to have a full-time Catholic chaplain always enjoy a more vigorous flourishing Catholic life than the ones without. The attendance at Mass is always greater in the regiments which are lucky enough to have a priest assigned to them.

The Protestant chaplains are men of high caliber. They are the cream of the crop from their respective denominations. There are no six-month Bible student graduates or itinerant preachers in the Army. The requirements of the army for the chaplaincy are strict enough and exacting enough to permit only well qualified men to make the grade. They are earnest and sincere men who are doing a splendid job. The Catholic Chaplain must be about his Father's business all the time or he will suffer by comparison. You can see for yourself how the shortage of Catholic chaplains makes the work of those now in service difficult and at times discouraging, forcing them to divide their time and scatter their efforts instead of being able to concentrate on doing a thoroughly good job.

This Post, however, is heaven in comparison with some other camps and military establishments here and abroad. Sometimes the Catholic boys don't see a priest for six weeks or two months and lots of them have never seen a Catholic chaplain.

This is the grandest country in the world. There is no other government under the sun that is doing more for the spiritual and religious welfare of its soldiers than the United States of America. Our government is spending millions of dollars to build chapels, to commission priests, ministers and rabbis as officers in the Army, buying more equipment and supplies to serve the spiritual needs of our soldiers than ever before in the history of mankind. We need more and more chaplains to use this equipment for the spiritual necessities of our rapidly expanding Army. What a pity if the Catholic Church which enjoys such a glorious record of past patriotic achievements should fail today in the greatest crisis which not only our country but Christianity itself is facing!

Sunday is Pay Day

Virgil Redlich, O.S.B.

PERHAPS we do not realize how important it is for our whole religious life, whether we say of Sunday: "*Thine* is the day," or whether we spend it in such a way that our actions proclaim: "*Mine* is this day, and I can do with it as I please. I can fill it with all kinds of pleasures and distractions, I can spend it just as *I* please." It is of the greatest importance whether Sunday again renews in us the dominion of God, whether we spend it as a day for men or a day for God.

Whereon God has laid His Hand, that is His own, is consecrated to Him, is dedicated to Him. "Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death" (Gen. 2:17).

On all days you may work, but "keep my sabbath (Sunday): because it is a sign between me and you in your generations: that you may know that I am the Lord that sanctify you. . . . Every one that shall do any work on this day shall die" (Exod. 31:13,15). When the offerings lie upon the altar, separated for the Lord and raised above all earthly use, then they are His and are dedicated to Him. And when God says to a human being: "Thou art Mine," then he is and remains the property of God. Do not touch the holy tree, do not violate the holy day, do not lay hands on My Anointed. Woe to him that lays hands on them, for they are *Mine*.

Could anything more clearly call to our minds that God is God of the day and of the night, Lord over man, than the fact that He breaks the chain of weekdays and again lets *His* day come before us with its special demands? But let us note well, we do not mean that our weekdays should belong solely to the world, and our Sunday alone to the Lord. No, both belong to Him, the weekday that we may work with God, the Sunday, that we may rest and celebrate with Him.

Of all things God has reserved one for Himself. He gave mankind every tree, except the fruit of one. He gives him all days but one, the day of the Lord.

These are the facts to which we must cling, if God is not to exemplify in us what He has threatened to do. The Lord is a faithful God, and because He is so, He must carry out all His threats, otherwise He would be a weak God. Men have dared to lay hands on His day and have desecrated it. It is the tragedy of our day, that has infected the whole world, that (before the world cataclysm, and after it?) those who were willing to work could not find employment. Man made Sunday a workday, has disturbed God's rest; now there is spread over his life the cruel rest of unemployment. God, indeed, can wait, but often He does not wait when man's daring hand seizes His property. Then whole mankind must pay for despising God's dominion.

Men who do not submit to God's dominion, who will not recognize His day of rest, are overpowered by the torture of the nether world and delivered into the cruel might of death.

The earth is hungry for the soul of man. Why? Because man is hungry for the possession of this soil and even on the day of rest does not let it rest. Hence his possession of it becomes only unrest and torture.

God says, as it were: "*You have stolen the work of your Creator and His most prized possession—your own free will.*"

But man is appointed merely to manage the world, to prepare it for God, to sanctify it, and then to restore it to Him. Therefore during six days man does his work. But on the seventh, like the servant who has decorated the house to receive his returning master, man raises his hands to heaven, puts on a clean dress and stands erect on the earth as a priest before the altar of sacrifice.

This is the law which you have overstepped; hence the earth, because you have misused what was committed to you, wishes to withdraw its treasure."

The day of the Lord announces anew the sovereignty of God with inimitable impressiveness.

On the sabbath God rested from



creative work; He rested and wishes all men to rest. "I have called thee by thy name: 'Thou art Mine'" (Is. 43:1). Isaiah has declared with majestic picturesqueness this sovereignty of God over mankind and our bearing as creatures: "Woe to him that gainsayeth his Maker, a sherd of the earthen pots: shall the clay say to him that fashioned it: What art thou making, and thy work is without hands?... I made the earth: and I created man upon it; my hand stretched forth the heaven, and I have commanded all their host" (Is. 45:9,12).

There is a question of God that makes us speechless in the realization that we are creatures and weak beings before God. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? tell me, if thou hast understanding, Who hath laid the measure thereof?... Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody?... Didst thou, since thy birth, command 'the morning, and show the dawning of the day its place?... Hast thou entered into the depths of the sea, and walked in the lowest parts of the deep?... Hast thou considered the breadth of the earth?... Tell me, if thou knowest all things? Who hath given me before that I should repay him? All things that are under heaven are mine" (Job 38:4-18;41:2).

Every Sunday is a recurring feast of Creation. It places us at the dawn of the new creation and permits us to think the thoughts of God. And if the whole week has flowed past in the stream of personal interests, works, and cares, Sunday should again direct our weary stream into the fresh, living torrent of God's dominion. Whatever of our life does not flow into this mighty stream of God must dry up and disappear. All our freshest and also our most stagnant water (of the soul) God wants to gather that it may flow back again into His all-embracing Hand, from which it went forth. It is His greatest joy to say: "I have laid my hand on thee and thou art Mine." Especially on His day should we be filled with joy that we are His very own.

"I have created thee and formed thee; I have given thee a body that thou mayest *serve* Me with it." Sunday worship does not consist in merely praying in one's private room, but a public acknowledgment of God's dominion by going to church, by kneeling, bowing, and standing before Him. All these actions should proclaim: "We do not belong to ourselves but to God. To us all God has given Sunday that our body also may rest in God and live for and worship Him.

Why has He placed His Hand upon us? Why has



He called each one of us by a special name? Because He has known us from all eternity, has loved us from all eternity, and has written us into His Hands.

Yes, the question under discussion is not that God shall take *some* place in my life, for God is Life itself and the beginning and the end. Formerly Sunday was the day reserved for baptism. Hence it was not merely the beginning of the week, but also the beginning of divine life in a new-born child. God always makes the start. He has first known us, He has first loved us. Not we have chosen Him, but He has chosen us. Not we have first stretched out our hands to see if we might reach Him and touch Him. "I have laid my Hand upon thee, and thou art Mine."

We have no right to ask why God placed us in this world, why He has grasped us in baptism and pressed His seal upon us. It is God's right to sign a person, and give His divine life to whomsoever He will. We, therefore, belong to God whole and entire. "I belong to my Master, and He shall dispose of my life." We belong to our heavenly Father, Who has called us out of nothing into being, and *we* are precious in His eyes and loved by Him. We are the property of the Son through baptism and may say: "O Christ, how happy I am to bear Thy seal." We are the vessel of the Holy Ghost, grasped by Him and filled by Him.

We are, therefore, really immersed in the life of the Blessed Trinity and embraced by God's holy powers. Sunday, however, and all that God wishes to place in it regarding His powers and the recalling of the day of creation and the day of recreation and perfection, has no other purpose than to unite us to the Triune God and to place us in the flood of His holy Life.

For this reason Holy Mother Church prescribed that the priest recite (or sing) the Preface of the Most Blessed Trinity in the Mass on Sunday. "It is truly meet and just, right and availing to salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, everlasting God, who with Thine Only-Begotten Son and the Holy Ghost, art one God, one

Lord; not in the oneness of a single person, but in the Trinity of one substance. For that which we believe from Thy revelation concerning Thy glory, that same we believe of Thy Son, that same of the Holy Ghost, without difference or separation. So that, in confessing the true and everlasting Godhead, we shall adore distinction in persons, oneness in Being, and equality in Majesty."

For so long a time we have been under the dominion of the Triune God, have kept Sunday year after year, have experienced the unheard of endowment of grace and love, have been placed in the atmosphere of God, yet it is surprising how little we have let this Triune God shape our lives. Or, perhaps, do not all men and earthly things influence our life more than He does?

If a person lives for years in a southern climate, one notices this fact in his whole outward appearance. When a child grows up in a good family, one readily perceives from his whole bearing and manner of life from what class of society he springs. Now, we are the children of the living God, we have been baptised into the family of God, have grown up in it, but who sees in us the divine family traits?

Is it not disgraceful for Christians when they see how an easy-going man, who discovers how he might get ahead in life and make a fortune by hard labor, under the dominion of wealth become an energetic, efficient, yes, different man, whilst they, who

are placed under the gladdening and peace-giving dominion of God, often remain as they are? Often men are driven to work and to the performance of duty because they feel that they owe it to their parents or ancestors. Have we not, in the moment when God laid His Hand upon us and let His Life pour into us, also assumed a responsibility, the immense responsibility for the beauty and force of this life?

Generous souls always experience a noble subjection to Him, Who stands so high above them; they experience therein their greatness and their happiness. If we are discouraged or oppressed and entirely overcome by the difficulties of the present moment, if there is nothing left of that jubilant

(Continued on page 194)

PULLING PETALS

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

Drawn from abysmal nothingness
By love's creative call,
And fondled by His fiat's fond caress,
Earth's sun-gilt ball,
A giant, golden daisy heart,
Is held in God's sustaining Hand
Lest it be torn apart
As it spins round the sun,
Whilst from its circling band
Of men-formed petals, plucking one by one,
He muses: "He loves Me,
He loves me not, and he --"
Ah! Where each soul-encasing petal goes
God knows.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Proposals for Postwar Society

PLANs for postwar society are headline items these days.

Progressive statesmen and many national commentators strongly urge that we as a democratic nation in which public opinion must ultimately prevail, start doing our thinking now, so that when the proper time comes, American ideals will be crystallized and unified. Whichever way we go, at least let us go as a nation which has predetermined, by a majority and intelligent opinion, the course we think best both for ourselves and society at large. Let us not have a repetition of that political debacle which followed World War I, when our President, professing to talk for the American people, electrified most of the world by his plans for world justice and then came home to get a curtain lecture and repudiation by a Senate which also professed to talk for the American people. Wherever the blame, the final results considerably lowered American prestige abroad and weakened seriously this nation's power as a moral force in the drastic international adjustments which inevitably follow a large-scale war. Now, with all the water over the dam, we can only surmise what might have happened had Wilson been given the national support he expected in his efforts to make that war the last one.

The proposals for the postwar world which come from all parts of the country, but most particularly from Washington, form an extremely confusing welter of opinions. Some of these proposals are so utterly fantastic as to practically suggest that the coming world be made into one gigantic W.P.A. program, with Uncle Sam, of course, playing Santa Claus. Others, belonging to the opposite extreme, urge an isolationism so rank that it takes absolutely no cognizance of the fact that science has so conquered distance that all

future world relationships must necessarily become increasingly closer. Yet there are also many excellent proposals being made and it is with them that we must concern ourselves.

ALTHOUGH the subject merits all the attention we can possibly give it, it is far too great in scope for us to reach definite conclusions in this brief space. Therefore let us now consider as objectively as possible the materials and human factors with which any postwar formula will have to work. Then, next month, we can reduce the possibilities to where we can apply the Christian yardstick as the most vital test of all. In doing this, we shall have to hew to the line, for our job of establishing a proper society for future generations cannot be muffed because of any squeamishness in getting at the truth, no matter whom it hurts. In planning world peace, we dare not deal with false assumptions.

We must assume that common sense, if nothing else, directs that some form of postwar international organization be formed, even though its aims, powers and extents do not go beyond a bare minimum. National surveys show an overwhelming sentiment for some kind of international police force which will slap down society's future mad dogs just as soon as they bare a fang. Reports from other United Nations countries indicate similar sentiments. An international police force seems to automatically call for an international court to act as directing authority. The extent of such court's authority will no doubt be a matter of bitter debate.

However, there are many who think that a peaceful world society calls for more than a police force to keep order and a world court to

settle disputes. They feel that there should be a council of nations. Such proposals can be divided roughly into three groups. First, those which advocate a council of nations which would do little more than study present and future world conditions and then make recommendations concerning political, economic and social moves. This council would have no executive power, being only a permanent committee to recommend moves which would establish increasingly better understanding and relations among all peoples. Obviously, such an organization would leave things pretty much status quo, with each nation retaining a strict nationalism and being compelled only by the logic of given recommendations or else by the moral pressure exerted by other nations.

THE SECOND group, generally speaking, wants to see a world organization with some teeth. Although many ideas as to the form of such organization exist, let us take a middle of the road one for a brief example. In this case, a one-chamber world parliament would be established, with at first only the United Nations being represented and later others as they qualify. Various suggestions have been made concerning how member nations should be represented. Here are a few: (1) that each nation have one vote, regardless of population or economic importance; (2) that each nation be represented according to its total population; (3) that each nation be represented according to its literate population; (4) that each nation's representative strength be gauged by its economic strength or world trade; (5) that representation be governed by a formula which would include all the foregoing suggestions except the first one. Such parliament, once formed, would elect

a chairman and a small council which would constitute the organization's executive branch, while the parliament itself would function as a legislative chamber and would presumably sit as a court in control of the policing force. While the powers of such an organization could be made extremely extensive, it is the intention of the proposers that, under it, each nation would retain its own individuality as heretofore, the organization handling only international problems. In many ways it would resemble our Interstate Commerce Commission which regulates traffic extending beyond the boundaries of any State. It would, for example, regulate all international air traffic and internationalize certain airfields strategic for commercial uses.

This function would be extremely important, for unless early agreements are reached concerning air-trade routes, with smaller nations having equal rights with more powerful ones, there will be as much bitter feuding among nations over air-route controls as past centuries have seen concerning domination of the seas. It has also been suggested that such parliament internationalize and administer such sea-trade bottlenecks as the Panama Canal, the Strait of Gibraltar, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, the Suez Canal and the Malay Strait, plus any other trade short cuts which may be developed to afford cheaper and quicker transportation. While the two canals are largely man made, it seems highly incompatible with justice in world trade that any nation should fortify and then dominate entrances to and exits from large bodies of water where nature has placed natural bottlenecks which can be used by the strong to the detriment of the weak. In addition to the above powers, there are some who want the parliament to decide from time to time when subject peoples are fit for self-government. Also it could be the duty of this body to prohibit the exploitation of subject or underdeveloped peoples by strong economic peoples.

THE THIRD group wants to see something like a United States of the World, probably similar to the political organization of the American Republic. The nations would have rights and powers similar to our States, subject to a central authority. This would naturally end all nationalism, something considered highly impossible at present in most quarters, due to the present lack of development in international spirit. However, this plan has its advocates and must be given consideration.

Weaving in and out among these groups, and often somewhere among the variations within each group, are the plans of various individuals whose proposals range from highly idealistic to utterly fantastic. Some of these proposals, well enough meant, seem based upon an overnight miracle in which the world would change from its present crass selfishness into one filled with sweetness and light. On paper they are often excellent, but in reality they fail to take present day human nature into consideration. Then there are other schemes which would establish a world wide Socialism or Communism, bringing everyone, including the Hottentots and South Seas head-hunters, to one common level with one fell swoop. Oddly enough, many of such schemes are submitted in the name of democracy and of Christianity. Just how Socialism and Communism are supposed to be compatible with democratic or Christian justice is never explained, so it must be concluded that the authors of such schemes know very little about the real tenets and requirements of either true democracy or of real Christianity.

IN CONSIDERING what part we shall play in world reconstruction, we must keep in mind several very important things. To begin with, in any international organization of which we may become a part, we shall be expected to play a leading, if not the leading part, especially where money is concerned. Here our capabilities may not match our desires, for it is now predicted that we shall face a half trillion dollar war debt. In addition, we shall prob-

bably have heavy internal expenditures as we convert from a wartime economy to a peacetime one, for public funds will undoubtedly have to take up some of the slack as business changes over. Furthermore, the end of hostilities may see this nation in a stiff internal controversy to determine if it shall veer to the Right or to the Left or take the middle of the road. The outcome will govern our national disbursements.

Next, in planning our part in society's postwar reconstruction, we must remember that internationalism has, as yet, gained little ground. Practically all nations are still very nationalistic minded and the possible conversion of their peoples to a wider conception of society will probably be slow. Several of our allies are outright imperialistic and we are not now sure how sincerely they will finally subscribe to the principles of the Atlantic Charter when it applies to the rich possessions they now hold in subjection.

Also, the most powerful of our allies differ greatly in their altruism. Although nobody suspects China of having anything but unselfish aims, she faces a severe internal Communist problem just as soon as the war's end permits her democratic-communist struggle to resume. Russia, sphinx-like, gives few intimations of her postwar position, but will probably give little support to anything not definitely colored by Communistic tendencies. Britain, with a strong Tory government in power, is still strongly imperialistic, both territorially and economically. With Churchill frankly stating that he does not consider India as coming under the Atlantic Charter's principles and with his further statement—"I have not become the king's first minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire"—one must have serious doubts about Britain's possible interpretation of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. France will see many postwar moons pass before her internal strength and unity become sufficient to permit any positive stand or help in international affairs.



Ten!

Dolores Logan Green

FOLKS are always feeling sorry for me. "Ten children in twelve years! My! Any twins? (Always asked hopefully). No? Oh, isn't it dreadful? Whatever do you do with them all?" Well, I suppose from the view-point of many, it is dreadful. No car (we can laugh last now, at least for the duration!), no vacation, bargain-counter clothes, and no leisure to belong to clubs or gad about with the milling mobs. *But* they may as well save their sorrow for those who of their own choice have no little ones to amaze each day with their unexpected doings, or who deliberately refuse to increase their responsibilities by not having more than two or three.

Those poor little tots of restricted families! The joys they miss by being denied the companionship of a jolly group of brothers and sisters. No coddling and worrying over inhibitions in a large family! Indeed there's no time for such nonsense. Instead, necessity being the mother of invention, ingenuity is the most sought after virtue (if such a gift can be called a virtue). And believe me, it really takes ingenuity to explain to the little "Big Fellow" why he shouldn't tease his sisters and why he mustn't call the little ones "babies" now that they are getting to be "big children." And the thrill that comes from creating something really chic out of almost nothing at all makes an inventive mother almost burst with delight at her sense of achievement. To be able to keep herself always neat, attractive and stylish so that it is remarked upon by ac-

quaintances, is but another resourceful way of boosting the good hubby's confidence in himself that no matter what the responsibilities, his wife is truly a *help-mate*.

But best of all, the joy and peace of mind that come from the knowledge of doing God's will compensates entirely for the lack of the many empty pleasures the world alone offers. To be blessed with the love of a true husband, the joy of ten (so far) healthy, happy children, and the help of a wonderful self-sacrificing mother who so willingly tides us over these "tied-down" years with her continual love and care of the little ones, is to be a certain sign of God's blessings on us. To live from day to day, casting all our cares and anxieties for the future in His Hands is a sure way to a happy life.

To mould characters instead of clay; to paint the virtues on little souls by example instead of oils on canvas constitutes for any women the greatest career possible; a career that will live on through the ages into eternity.

But there are those who are worthy of the blessings of God, even more than we who have the joy of

possession. I mean those courageous souls who go down into the valley of death only to have the budding life plucked for the eternal gardens of Heaven. For those seemingly frustrated wives whose maternal instincts have never enjoyed the realization of motherhood there are blessings, too, in the patient endurance of their loneliness.

May God bless them in terms of the eternal!



"How Does Your Garden Grow?"

Mary Boley

A COUPLE of years ago I heard a story which holds a significance for all parents. It was told at a dinner by New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey, then district attorney.

Governor Dewey, in checking some statistics of the New York courts, discovered that only one Chinese child in New York had ever been brought before the Court hearing children's cases. He recalled the Chinese respect for ancestry. He wondered if it had anything to do with this phenomenon of only one Chinese child—in a city with a comparatively large Chinese population—coming to the attention of the authorities. He decided to look into the case.

This is the story he found:

A Chinese boy of eight failed to return to his home after school one day. As his absence became prolonged his parents grew worried and reported his disappearance to the police. A search for the child began.

Little Woo Lung was discovered late the following afternoon, sitting alone in Central Park. He related that in school the previous day he had broken some minor rule and the teacher had said to him, "Woo Lung, you are a disgrace to your parents."

A disgrace to his parents! This was a horrible thing to Woo Lung. He could not bear it. Rather than have this degradation fall upon them, he would isolate himself from his family. He would run away.

* * *

The Chinese respect for ancestry may have had something to do with little Woo Lung's exaggerated reaction to the teacher's reprimand. An extremely sensitive personality was perhaps another factor. But part of the motivation, no doubt, was the normal regard which children in general have for their parents—and which parents sometimes fail to realize in its total significance.



Young children, unless they have been severely traumatized by unfortunate experience, look up to their parents; they see them as wonderful beings who can do all things, who provide for their needs, who have an answer for their questions. (You've heard small boys argue with each other: "My mother's prettier than yours" or "My daddy can so lick your dady.") Children believe in their parents, they identify them-

selves with them . . . , and above all they pattern after them.

Children do not depend upon fathers and mothers merely for physical care and protection; they are dependent upon them also for the modes of behavior they establish, for the ideals they form, for the ethics of conduct they develop. Often they absorb much more than their parents anticipate. If parents fail to realize this, they may be surprised one fine day . . . or one sad day.

A woman once came to see me professionally to tell me her five year old son was becoming "a little thief." She was an attractive, sincere woman who had tried to be a good mother. She told me that when she would not permit the child to eat cheap candy as often as he wished, he would steal money from her purse, hide it until such time as he could get to the corner store, and then hide the candy he bought and eat it in secret. During the course of a few interviews we discovered that the child learned this behavior from his mother!

The mother, before her courtship days with the father, was an inveterate smoker. The father, before becoming engaged to the mother, indicated his disapproval of women's smoking. The mother believed "what he didn't know, didn't hurt him." Following their marriage she smoked at home after he left for work, hiding her cigarettes in the linen chest. She continued the practice after her child came and was growing up, feeling the boy was too young to notice. The youngster learned to be

furtive; his behavior followed hers remarkably.

There are many situations in the home which affect children and which parents should watch. A man who comes home to tell his wife at the dinner table, in the presence of the children, of "pulling a fast one" in a business deal shouldn't wonder later why his children break rules in school. A woman who boasts how she pulled wool over the eyes of the rationing board shouldn't appear shocked if her children indulge in unfair play with other youngsters.

Some time ago I was going to the theater with friends of mine, a married couple. Their daughter of six, who was being left with the maid, did not want to go to bed because she was afraid her parents were leaving.

"You go to sleep like a good girl," said her mother. "Mommie isn't going out. She'll be here all evening."

The six year old was finally mollified and abed, and we left for the theater. I was uncomfortable but did not feel I could say anything to my friend, although I kept wondering what that youngster would think of her mother if she awakened before our return.

Then the mother raised the question herself, appealing to me as a child welfare worker. "I don't know what to do with Mary. She is so disobedient and untruthful."

There are various reasons, of course, why children are untruthful, but one of the reasons for Mary's behavior was fairly obvious. Her mother admitted to telling her other "small fibs," to "putting her off" somehow. It seemed easier that way.

The behavior of the mother in this instance was more serious than it might seem at first thought. Mary, in being concerned that her mother might depart, was expressing one of the basic fears of childhood. This is the fear children have that they will lose their parents—and most particularly their mother—or that they will lose parental love or support. Parents should meet this natural fear (discovered in young children especially) by showing them openly that they are loved. Parents should be careful of their manner in correcting the conduct of children. They should not let the youngster feel that he is unwanted because he is "bad."

These considerations are very important in time of war. War plays into the basic fear of the

child that he may lose his parents. He hears talk about the war and about civilian restrictions. He understands very little of it. He simply knows that things are happening to people—and these things become as nightmares to him. He thinks someone will take his parents away, or do something horrible to them.

He thinks something may happen to himself, too,—for the war plays into another basic childhood fear, the fear of punishment.

Children react to these fears in various ways, and parents may expect such reaction. Some youngsters go about bragging; they blow themselves up. This is a healthy defense which children put up against their fear. Parents should not become annoyed with it nor disturbed at it. Youngsters do it so that they won't have to fear Hitler or Japan... the bogey men they hear everyone talking about and hating.

Other children seek to allay their anxieties by talking about the war constantly, and asking endless questions. Fathers and mothers shouldn't discourage this; they shouldn't think war is too morbid a subject for young minds. Although there is no point in discussing the war with children unnecessarily, parents should answer carefully and thoughtfully children's questions about it. In the process they should seek to learn and relieve any childish fears. They should assure the youngster that he is loved and will be protected. They should be extremely cautious how they tell a young child (if they must) of the troubles of children in war-torn countries. They should avoid almost entirely accounts of evacuations of children. Above all, they should be most guarded in having children witness motion pictures, the plots or scenes of which deal with refugee children.

* * *

Grade school youngsters do not seem to have war anxieties to the extent that smaller, pre-school tots experience them. Grade school children seem able to "work out" their fears through the great variety of defense activities which are almost everywhere provided for them. Collecting scrap, victory gardening, or making spiritual bouquets for servicemen offer them opportunities to contribute to the defense effort. These tasks aid them in identifying with their country, and give them a feeling of patriotic responsibility. For the



grade school child, variety is essential—because his interest lags in an activity after a short time. Parents should have new projects ready. Where possible, parents should in some way participate in these activities, if only in an advisory capacity. Children like to feel they are working at something worthwhile enough to merit adult attention. Besides, parental participation in such projects presents a real opportunity for the grown-ups to guide children in forming right attitudes, to steer their thinking in the proper direction.



Adolescents have always been trying to their parents and teachers. Apparently, from the rising juvenile delinquency rates in most sections of the country, adolescents are more perplexing than ever.

In truth, it is the adolescents themselves who are perplexed. They are at the age where normally they are beginning to feel surges of independence, desires for a life away from the parental roof. And they see no life ahead for themselves. They are frightened that the war will disrupt their future. Girls, especially, are worried that they may not marry, because they fear there will not be enough men to meet the demand. They are concerned that soon they will have no "dates"—as high school boys advance to the age of induction. They are worried about continuing their educations.

Because of this hopeless attitude toward the future many adolescents are throwing over all restraints. They are defying parental control, they are making their own rules and regulations.

Parents can best be helpful by trying to understand what goes on in the adolescent mind. (Yes, those heads do cogitate about more things than sloppy sweaters and jitterbug dances.) Parents should give adolescents a chance to talk over their difficulties, and—hard as it may be—fathers and mothers should regard these strange creatures as worth-while individuals who merit consideration and respect.

Parents think sometimes that they achieve nothing by reasoning with adolescents; yet, this is the most fruitful approach to employ. A teen-ager may still appear stubborn after a parental session—but if it is conducted quietly and respectfully, he will continue to think of the advice that was given him long after the specific incident is closed. Parents can open an adolescent's eyes to his future responsibility by showing him that they expect him to act in a mature way.

Junior groups of women's defense units can be

helpful to older girls, particularly when there is a direct relation between the junior and parent units. These girls can be trained for volunteer hospital assistants, for child care, for preparing surgical dressings for the Red Cross, or for packing kits for men in overseas service. They can learn to serve as aides to air raid wardens or plane watchers. Participation in such activities tends to lessen some of the restlessness of youth today. Participation in such activities

gives them the feeling that they have a stake in the future.

But we have a future beyond this world. Though secular activities have their place and merits, they must not be permitted to exclude spiritual activities. Even small children can share in many of these. There can (and should) be family prayers for peace. There can be spiritual bouquets for servicemen. There can be mite box savings for missionaries.

Since parents are the strongest influence in their children's lives, it is important—especially in these crucial times—that they not fail in their responsibility. Surrounded as we are today by hatred, greed, and materialism it is necessary that fathers and mothers try to formulate and preserve spiritual ideals for their children. Parents, by their example, will have to overcome the influence of powerful stimuli outside the home.

As a case in point, consider the effect of striking pictorial advertising which children see on every side—where "allure" and "glamour" become outstanding virtues, in which liquor consumption appears one of the chief American customs, where "power" is emphasized while the rights of others go unmentioned.

Parents may act as a measure of the value of such material things. They will have to control (and at times sacrifice) their own more sophisticated tastes in order to promote their children's ethical development and spiritual growth.

If a woman constantly begs and pesters her husband for things she sees and wants (and which he can't always afford) she may find it difficult to have a child understand why he can't have everything he sees on a shopping trip. If the family discusses together needs and desires, if children are allowed to "sit in" on budget sessions, if the young folks take part in family planning they will appreciate their father's providence, and learn to care properly for their possessions. They won't have to be told (and how ineffective the words are for them!) that "money doesn't grow on trees."

Echoes from

OUR ABBEY HALLS

GOLDEN SACERDOTAL JUBILEE

EVERY success of an alumnus of St. Meinrad is a joy to his Alma Mater. On March 18th our students, past and present, were once more made aware of the fact that the pages of the annals of their Alma Mater are yearly growing in number, while the names of her sons who are inscribed therein are constantly bringing her added prestige. At the solemn Conventual Mass on that morning the students joined with the monks of the community in honoring a distinguished alumnus. In the cathedral city of Corpus Christi the Most Reverend Emmanuel Ledvina celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

March 18, 1893, marked the end of the young seminarian's preparation for the priesthood at St. Meinrad. With his seminary training completed, he was at last ready for the great day of ordination. With a class of six other seminarians he received the sacrament of Holy Orders in Sts. Peter and Paul Chapel at Indianapolis. Father Ledvina could look back upon years of study and training as a student and scan the horizon of the years to come as a priest.

His Alma Mater has watched with maternal pride and joy the successful career of this alumnus. She saw his zealous parochial labors in the city of Indianapolis. Then the field of priestly interest widened from a single diocese to the whole country. Father Ledvina left Indianapolis to become an active member of the Church Extension Society. His name became familiar to grateful missionaries in the South and West. Rome recognized the missionary zeal and the ability of Fa-

ther Ledvina with the privilege of a Domestic Prelate. That was a first step towards a place in the American Hierarchy. On June 14, 1921, Monsignor Ledvina was appointed Bishop of Corpus Christi by Pope Benedict XV. Actual work in the mission territory now replaced office planning and mission projects.

In the years since he became Bishop of the southern diocese, Bishop Ledvina served as a loyal shepherd of souls. His large diocese has profited by his apostolical and missionary spirit. Again Rome has

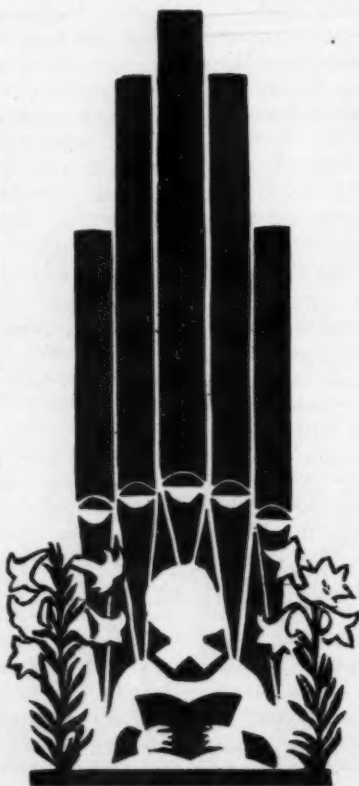
honored the successful work of Bishop Ledvina with a new dignity. He was granted the honor of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne.

St. Meinrad's Seminary and Abbey felt that it must share in the Golden Jubilee of Bishop Ledvina. Perhaps it was the tie of mutual gratitude that linked our Jubilarian and his Alma Mater for the Jubilee Day of his priestly life. She prepared the priest for his fruitful years. He has proved loyal to her best traditions. In the history of his vocation Bishop Ledvina's memories cannot reach back many years past the September of 1883, when he first entered St. Meinrad's Seminary. His first steps to the priestly and episcopal success that he enjoys today were taken at the threshold of St. Meinrad's Seminary. More than fifty years later his Alma Mater announced to all her students of the past and present her maternal pride in the career of an illustrious alumnus. His Alma Mater of today wishes Bishop Ledvina a prayerful and sincere "*Ad multos annos!*"

DEDICATION OF CHAPTER ROOM

ONLY a few days later, March 21, marked the glorious climax of months of unceasing labor and preparation. It was on the evening of the Feast of St. Benedict that the brilliantly decorated—both artistically and colorfully so—monastic Chapter Room was solemnly dedicated.

Father Abbot gave the opening address, in which he paid tribute to all who had in any way assisted in the happy completion of the newly furnished room. A special expression of gratitude and praise was made to Dom Gregory de Wit, monk



of Mont Cesar Abbey, Louvain, Belgium, from whose facile pen and brush came the artistically conceived plans and the superbly executed paintings. Father Gregory then explained the decorative theme of the Chapter Room. There was a bursting overflow of enthusiasm that, even after six months of strenuous and indefatigable labor, had not spent itself in the thirty-two paintings on the Chapter Room walls and ceiling. If before the designs had had but an approving aesthetical attraction, the knowledge of the underlying and significant ascetical meaning of the paintings awakened in all a genuine feeling of appreciation and admiration.

Since there will follow in subsequent issues of *THE GRAIL* a series of articles about the newly decorated and dedicated Chapter Room, there is little need to even attempt a brief sketch here. We might say, though, that the Chapter Room of every abbey is the monastic hearth to which all the children of the Benedictine family come at various times of the day and for special occasions throughout the year. With its beautifully refurnished interior, we all feel that our Chapter Room will be a place in which the children of this generation—and, we hope, the monastic children of generations to come—will always love to gather.

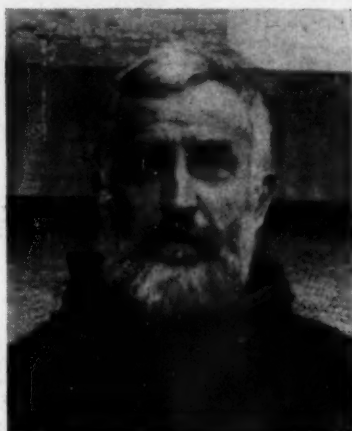
FIFTY YEARS A BROTHER

FREDERICK Deck came to the United States for much the same reason that other young men were seeking our shores. He came, as he says, with the ambition to become rich. That was fifty-six years ago. In the meanwhile Frederick found that there are many things in life other than money-making—and these other things may bring much more peace and happiness.

Page one of Frederick's life opens on January 24, 1861, in a tiny village called Moersch in Baden, Germany. He was the second last of eight children. Five of the girls became Sisters. While at home Frederick helped on the farm. But during his work his thoughts turned constantly toward America. Three of his sisters were already in this

country. Although his mother seemed to have nurtured matrimonial plans for him, Frederick apparently had a mind of his own about the matter.

His initial step toward acquiring wealth was employment in New Jersey. Here Frederick observed that those intent solely on making money sometimes had a tendency to deviate from the paths of honesty. After about two years he left his work and went to visit two of his sisters, who were Sisters of the Precious Blood, at Carthage, Ohio.



Brother Martin, O.S.B.

His stay proved to be more than a brief visit—he remained for a year and a half. At Carthage he heard of St. Meinrad's Abbey, and hither he came in 1891 to seek admission into the family of St. Benedict. The community was in difficult straits at the time. For one thing, it was poor. The tragic and devastating fire of 1887 was but four years past. Candidate Frederick helped to clear up the last vestiges of the debris. In spite of the less attractive aspects of his new life, Frederick was satisfied and happy. During these days of hardship of the struggling community it is remarkably surprising to find that there were so many young men asking admittance to the monastic life; there were thirteen candidates for the Brotherhood in Frederick's class. However, by far the majority lacked "sticktuitiveness." Only three persevered long enough to become nov-

ices. There were only two who remained when the time came to make profession. With this decisive step on March 25, 1893, Frederick Deck was thenceforward to be known simply as Brother Martin.

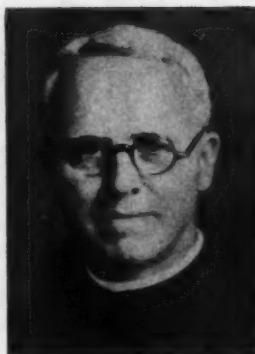
Now began a busy and useful life for Brother Martin. Two months after his religious profession he went with Father Placidus Zarn to the Indian Mission at Stephan, South Dakota. After seven years he returned to the abbey to be busily occupied with refectory work for the next three years. Then came eight years in the power house, with some garden work during the summer season. After this there came the twenty-five years of work in the College. Here he is best remembered by his weekly sending out and receiving of the students' laundry. So constant and faithful was he at this occupation that years after the one-time students had been ordained to the priesthood and returned for a visit to their Alma Mater, Brother Martin could still recall the laundry numbers they had while they were students.

Another change came eight years ago. Though a most staunch upholder of the salutary benefits to be derived from frequent cold baths and the faithful application of Hamlin's Wizard Oil, these failed to withstand the malady of varicose veins. Brother Martin thereupon detoured to the hospital. After his cure at the hands of skilled doctors, he returned to the abbey and since then has been active in helping along in the vineyard.

Brother Martin has failed to accomplish his primary purpose in coming to America. Instead of possibly amassing a financial fortune, we all feel sure that he has garnered for himself a rich reward where the rust and moth cannot consume nor thieves break in and steal. For his unwavering fidelity to the law of God and trust in His providence, Brother Martin has been blessed with "length of days and years of life." Needless to say, all of us who know, love, and revere Brother Martin pray that God may grant that there may still be many more days and years to come.



1919



Benedict Brown, O.S.B.

THE GRAIL first appeared in America as a Eucharistic monthly in May, 1919. Twenty-four years is not a long time as ages go, but many things happen in two decades; many persons come and go into our lives, and so in the past twenty-four years THE GRAIL has made hundreds of thousands of acquaintances in almost every country on the globe. It has seen modest contributors to its humble pages become famous writers and has seen its hundreds of lessons carried into Catholic homes to train and instruct its faithful readers. But best of all it has seen an army of young men enter the portals of the seminary as shy and hopeful aspirants and has watched these same young men climb steadily the ladder of Orders until with its financial aid, gathered from its many generous readers, they have gone forth again with anointed hands to heal the sick and wounded awaiting their ministrations.

In retrospect we are reproducing the original cover design to remind our older readers and to inform our more recent ones of our purpose and ideals. It cannot be done better than by explaining the symbolism of the picture in which is embodied all the aspirations of our magazine. The design brings back to us the chivalrous days of old, when knights rode forth to protect the oppressed and the defenseless. The thrill of their heroic deeds



1934



Hilary De Jean, O.S.B.

has not yet lost its charm even in our day. In the illustration we behold the knight Galahad, sword unsheathed, ready to do battle against the enemy of salvation, kneeling before a flaming cherub whose hands support the holy Grail. A seraph wrapped in contemplation gazes on, while another with eyes downcast is lost in holy meditation. Heads of wheat, symbolic of the Eucharist, and grapes, from which the sacred wine is made, adorn the altar on which the cherub seems to stand. To right and left we behold the rose of charity with thorns of mortification; also the lily of chastity. Beneath all is the monster dragon—sin—crushed and afflicted with a mortal wound made by the sword of prayer, penance, and mortification.

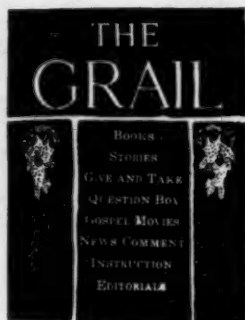
The armor-clad knight in prayerful attitude typifies the faithful Christian—the soldier of Christ—prepared to resist the onslaughts of the tempter. His body is covered with heavy armor; a girdle or belt about his waist sustains the sword; the trunk of his body is encased in a breast plate; strong shoes or boots are on his feet; his head is protected by the helmet; the shield enables him to ward off the blows of the enemy. The life of men on earth, says Job, is a warfare.

In the "Instaurare omnia" Pope Pius X, the revival of daily Communion and Mass, a new growth of clubs, new interest in chant and liturgy, new en-

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25th Year



1937



Cyril Gaul, O.S.B.

thusiasm for devotion to God's Holy Mother, and above all a renewed persecution of the Church in some European countries and threatening in the anti-Catholic press of this Land of the Free, we see unmistakable signs of the "Return of King Arthur." To revive these qualities in our own lives and the lives of those near to us by prayer and example, in union with the monks who brought Christ to barbarian Europe in the sixth century, is the purpose of THE GRAIL.

Benedictine abbeys from the beginning have been centers of prayer and liturgical life wherever they have been established. Clustering around them you will always find the homes of pious persons who love to live in the shadow of Benedictine peace.

And so it is at St. Meinrad. The village nestles comfortably at the foot of the hill crowned by the Abbey. It is the earnest desire of the monks at St. Meinrad to widen this circle of influence—to act as a spiritual powerhouse, sending light to every corner of our vast country.

From the beginning it has been the editors' plan to make THE GRAIL a magazine of instruction, with edifying verse and wholesome stories to lend variety to the more solid articles on faith and morals. Book reviews, News Digests, the Question Box, and the "Give and Take" department for the free expression of our readers, give THE GRAIL



1941



Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

all that any other Catholic magazine has, except perhaps the advertisements, which we have sacrificed to leave more space for stories and articles. In the field of vocation alone THE GRAIL has carried a large number of very excellent articles on Vocation in general, the Priesthood, the Religious State, Marriage State, Single State, and numerous professions. In education THE GRAIL again specializes in articles on home training, grade school, high school, and college methods.

Since THE GRAIL was inaugurated primarily to aid young men preparing for the priesthood, it has encouraged the foundation of scholarships, burses, and individual sponsorships. If you are interested in founding a burse or establishing either a scholarship or sponsorship (a good use for war bonds), information will gladly be furnished by THE GRAIL. If such amounts as these required are prohibitive for you, you may still help in this noble work by every GRAIL subscription you send in and by every enrollment you procure of a Knight of the Grail, living or deceased.

To help increase the circulation of THE GRAIL on the occasion of its 25th year (1943) I am sending the following new subscription(s): (One dollar a year)

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THE GRAIL ST. MEINRAD INDIANA

What Will The Next Armistice Bring?

Sister Clarita Seramur, S.C., M.A.

TODAY, Americans are united as never before in the great struggle for victory. But will a military victory, alone, satisfy the innate longings of our hearts? Our purpose is to achieve victory and thereafter build a world where we can hope to live in peace and security. As President Roosevelt in his Message to Congress on January 6, 1942, said:

We are fighting today for security and progress, and for peace, not only for ourselves, but for all men. Not only for one generation, but for all generations. We are fighting to cleanse the world of ancient evils, ancient ills. . . . We are inspired by a faith which goes back through all the years to the first chapter of the Book of Genesis: 'God created man in His own image.' We on our side are striving to be true to that divine heritage.

Military victory alone, will not give us peace. The signing of an armistice is meaningless unless those gathered at the peace table are representatives of nations that have made secure the foundations of a lasting peace. Need one recall the disappointments suffered since the signing of the Armistice of 1918? We know only too well what it failed to accomplish and have lived to see our nation plunged into its active part in a second World War!

In his recent book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, Herbert Hoover has stated seven dynamic forces that make for peace or war, which have been in operation unceasingly since the dawn of recorded civilization. These are ideologies, economic pressures, nationalism, imperialism, militarism, the complexes of fear, hate and revenge, and last *the will to peace*. It

is this last mentioned force that is the most important. Unless the *will* of man, unless the *will* of nation, desire peace, all peace treaties are nothing more than the paper upon which they are written.

So important did Christ consider the *spirit of peace*, that He stressed it both at the beginning and the close of His career on this earth. He sent His angels from Heaven to herald His coming to earth with the strains of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Note the desire on the part of Almighty God, that peace be the reward of those with *good will*. As long as this *will* is lacking, we may not hope for peace. Again, when preparing to leave this earth, Christ turned to His apostles and said, "Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you." The Sermon on the

Mount launched the transcendent concept of compassion, of peace and good will among men. From this sermon man has received an undying inspiration to strive for peace.

From an examination of world experience in peacemaking, it has been demonstrated that after world wars peace cannot be made adequately by such assemblies as were convened at the Congress of Vienna or the Conference of Versailles. *There must be a peace with justice*. This is the peace proposed by our Holy Father, Pius XII, who said on Easter of 1939:

"How can there be peace when solemnly sanctioned treaties and the plighted word have lost that security and value which are the

indispensable bases of reciprocal trust and without which material and moral disarmament become more difficult with each passing day? . . . Peace is the fruit of justice, and just as there cannot be peace without order,

Longing

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

When the meadows to brown
Change their emerald gown,
And discard all the beauty they had;
When the drab sky looks down
With a glowering frown—
Then my spirit grows pensive and sad.

When dead leaves on the ground
Form a breeze-driven mound,
There resounds a sad dirge, a deep moan;
For the wind, piping round,
As twin mourner is found,
And I feel so deserted—alone.

When the nest, high in air,
Of its fledgelings now bare,
Sways deserted and drenched by the rain,
Then I long to be there,
Where bird songs banish care,
For my soul, sad, is deluged by pain.

Now all nature is dead,
Cheery sunshine has fled,
As a friend from whom I now must part;
Song and joy both have sped,
Leaving naught in their stead
But an aching, bleak void in my heart.

But spring will come again!

so also there can be no order without justice."

How long will the nations of the world refuse to accept the advice of Christ's representatives? Leo XIII, endowed with unusual statesmanlike qualities was able to exert considerable influence on world politics. In 1885 his proposals for the settlement of German-Spanish disputes were accepted even by the hostile Bismarck. Pius X, who bitterly condemned nationalism and the policy of "might makes right" encouraged all movements for world peace and accepted the position of permanent arbiter of all controversies between Peru and Columbia. Benedict XV, whose reign began in the early days of the first World War, repeatedly called upon the warring powers to declare an armistice and to negotiate a *just peace*. In 1917 he outlined seven clear points in his famous "Note to the Heads of Belligerent Peoples," upon which a decent peace might be based. The reaction to his proposals varied from polite interest to violent indignation, and his plan was doomed to failure, except for the enhancement of the reputation of the Papacy in world affairs. As Pius XI worked and prayed for peace, evil gathered its powers and war again loomed over the earth. In speaking of the disappointments of Pius XI, Dr. Reinhardt, author of *The Commonwealth of Nations and the Papacy*, a native of Munich and a product of the universities of Munich, Heidelberg, Freiburg and Zurich, now a member of the faculty of Stanford University, says:

"Undismayed by disappointments, misunderstandings, ill will, and plain apathy, Pius XI, tried to assuage the hatreds which had survived the war, while at the same time deploring and indicting the disintegration of moral standards and values and the rising tide of idolatries and substitute religions."

In his Christmas Message, 1942, Pius XII, holding fast to the eternal truths that man is a creature of God with inalienable rights to attain his eternal destiny, urged men in all walks of life to work for a new order—economic, intellectual, social, and political; a new order based on Christian morality. "Declare war," he said, "on the darkness that comes from deserting God, on the coldness that comes from the strife between brothers! It is a fight for the human race that is gravely ill and must be healed in the name of conscience ennobled by Christianity."

It is heartening to note this spirit so strongly recommended by His Holiness, being manifest in the words of many men in public life today.

As Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, said recently in an address to the Commission on Justice and Peace of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Cincinnati:

"There is no worthier objective or high duty for leaders of all religions than to look ahead to the world that will follow this terrible war. We are not only fighting against a revival of paganism, which rejects the Bible itself, but we are fighting for the establishment of the Ten Commandments in national and international relationships."

It is evident that Mr. Morgenthau does not belong to the group who today look upon the Ten Commandments as "outmoded conventions of a superstitious age." We are glad to note men in public life who consider the Ten Commandments as indispensable prerequisites of world peace.

Speaking of President Roosevelt's enunciation that "our aim is to guarantee to countries under temporary occupation as well as to our own, the right to live in security and peace," the Most Reverend George J. Rehring asserted that, "Such aims and objectives are not purely idealistic; they are altogether practical; and they must be achieved or the seeds of the next war will spontaneously begin to germinate." His Excellency stresses the necessity of the will of man and of nation desiring peace, when he says:

"Every nation, like every man, must be contented with its own and with what it can licitly make its own, and must promptly and energetically banish nascent desires to obtain illicit advantage over another nation."

Giving "the picture of a world at peace drawn by the hand of Our Holy Father, Pius XII," the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, citing attention to the necessary social concepts of human rights, dignity and neighborliness, said, "These three social concepts which call to God and to Christ are strikingly absent in the totalitarian nazi, fascist, and communist system, but *they must not be forgotten in the peace*, if there is to be a better day for the world when victory comes."

By this deliberate misuse of his free will, man has brought about this terrible war, yet Almighty God has already drawn untold good from its bloody destruction. For too long had the world ignored God and broken His commandments. Now it is suffering painful consequences. The regrettable thing is that it took a war such as this to force the world to its knees in prayer. Yet, that is exactly what is happening. All over the world today, men and women who were once indifferent to religion are now convinced that it alone can save the world from ruin. As the great Dr. Alexis Carrel has well said, "When religion disappears from the nation, the whole social structure slowly commences to crumble away."

Today, thinking men not only admit that religion is necessary, but that one religion cannot be as good as another. It took Hitler to show that one religion

is not as good as another, for if Nazism is as good as Christianity, then why waste precious human lives to crush it? If Christian peoples all over the world were once again united in common bonds of faith and charity as they were before the 16th century, what a happy world this would be; what strength to fight the forces of paganism; how much bickering and jealousy between nations would be eliminated; what a guarantee for true and lasting peace!

Today, many people are asking whether or not we are better or less adequately equipped for keeping peace than we were at the close of the first World War. We, as Christians and as Catholics, know that we are far more adequately equipped, but the reason we are not reaching our goal is, that we are not making use of the resources. The nations are not recognizing Christ, are not following Him, and are not asking for His help. Without these, the quest for peace is futile. It is only the love of God, the love of our neighbor for God, and an unflagging willingness to do the will of God as it is discovered, that will prove to be the key to world peace. A vast network of rights and duties exist between the individual, the organization to which he belongs, the state of which he is a part, and the universal *brotherhood of man*. The sooner the day comes, when all of these facts are recognized, the sooner will we have reason for a greater hope of lasting peace.

The *Bishops' Statement on Victory and Peace*, read and adopted at the Annual General Meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States held at the Catholic University of America, in November of 1942, states that:

"Secularism cannot write a real and lasting peace. Its narrow vision does not encompass the whole man; it cannot evaluate the spirituality of the human soul and the supreme good of mankind.

Exploitation cannot write a real and lasting peace. Where greedy might and selfish expediency are made the substitutes of justice there can be no securely ordered world.

Totalitarianism, whether Nazi, Communist or Fascist, cannot write a real and lasting peace. The state that usurps total powers, by that very fact, becomes a despot to its own people and a menace to the family of nations.

The spirit of Christianity can write a real and lasting peace in justice and charity to all nations, even to those not Christian."

At this meeting, His Excellency, Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit, stated the approval of President Roosevelt's expression of high purpose when the war began:

"We shall win this war and in victory we shall seek not vengeance but the establishment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and of nations."

War does not prove Christianity's failure but man's refusal to live its teachings. As Father Hoban tells us, "Conflicts will end when the world accepts the way of life dictated by the *Prince of Peace*."

"Through their faith in God," declares Governor Dwight H. Green of Illinois, "the American people have raised the mightiest weapon of all against the dictators who have dared to array lust for individual power against their Maker. When Godless vandals would scourge the world, an invincible strength lies in a supreme faith in things divine." And, as Father O'Donnell of Notre Dame reminds us, "According to official statements 'we have gone to war to preserve the God-given rights of man'... The substance of American government stems from Christian concepts. Because we want to live according to them, we are willing to die for them." But he further states that, "A nation that lives according to Christian principles cannot be built except through the family in which God-fearing parents rear God-fearing children." How many homes have we in America today that measure up to this type? The recent accounts in our daily press on "juvenile delinquency" might answer the question.

How can we hope for peace unless we make sure its foundations? Dr. Adler says that "Peace is a product of reason." In one of his recent addresses he states:

"If men were angels, war would be impossible; if men were brutes, peace would be impossible. But because men are neither angels nor brutes, men do make wars, and it is also equally possible for them to avoid wars and live in peace... Peace is the product of reason."

Such was the conclusive argument presented by this professor of philosophy of the University of Chicago when speaking in Detroit on the Christian Culture series. Dr. Adler stresses the fact that a lasting peace cannot be achieved by conquest. And His Excellency, Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, tells us, "There is only one road to peace that I know of, the *Highroad of Democracy*, the road marked by the signposts of the Ten Commandments, the road back to Christ and His teachings in personal life, in national life, and in international life." The only sure way we have to world peace is to get all the nations of the world to turn back to Christ, for then, and only then, will the signing of an Armistice bring a *lasting peace*!

UP BY BIG BUTTE



by
MARY LANIGAN
HEALY



DECORATION by
PVT. L. BURLAND
— ARMY AIR FORCE —

The Mannings are a family of six, augmented for the present by the arrival from California of two nieces and a nephew to live in Copper City, Montana, until their sick mother is able to return home from the hospital. The temporarily orphaned children fit admirably into the household; the eldest girl, Frances, feels less a burden to her relatives when she can help her Uncle Tom, a professor of English Literature, with a textbook he is writing.

CHAPTER SIX

(Continued)

FRANCES was helping Tom and Tom was helping them. Barney and Hank had jobs at the P.O. Newsstand and the little girls were flying about on household tasks and Dave was tutoring that wistful little Foley boy while poor Clare frantically entered innumerable contests with a hope of winning a jack pot each time. . . . and Tom's brother could concentrate a bit on his raveled business and it all added up to the answer that Kate would get well. By that devious route which was in truth a straight one, they were arriving. It was fun? it was splendid to have a part in it all.

With a fresh blue print dress setting off the red lights of her hair and cheeks yet glowing from the impact of cold water, Julia was ready to go downstairs. "Tom," she called, "Tom, time to get up."

The bulk on the bed moved slightly, a moan of contentment issued forth, then the bulk quivered into a still mound of bed clothes.

"Tom," Julia said. "Tom, it snowed last night."

"Why didn't you tell me in the first place?" a wide awake voice inquired with indignation. The mound of clothes went flying into a heap at the foot of the bed and Tom went bounding toward the window. Julia laughed, "Year after year, the same old story. The man never changes."

Tom grinned. "Heckler," he said.

The news must have been discovered all over the household then for Ruthie and Sue were squealing in the incoherent manner distinguishable only to one another and voices and footsteps were heard from all the open doors.

The water was boiling for the oatmeal, when Clare came into the kitchen. "Isn't it a honey of a storm, Mother?" she said as she kissed Julia's cheek. By that time the typewriter was busy in the library and the two boys came pounding downstairs pulling on gloves. "Gonna shovel off the walk," Hank explained in brusque importance as they clattered on into the basement.

As Clare began laying out neat rows of bread on the broiler tray for toasting, she said, "Hank'll never unearth the snow shovels in time to get the job done."

She straightened then as the two boys triumphantly emerged from the stairs, each shouldering a home-made wooden pusher. Clare stared, then smiled at her Mother. "Mom, you are a foxy one."

I bet you had those shovels where they'd just about trip over them."

"Just about," Julia agreed, "but not quite."

Julia never could decide which was the more entrancing sound; that of snow shovels scraping in the distance or that of a lawn mower whirring outside. It was as easy to decide between seasons, or make up one's mind whether a son or daughter was to be preferred. Either is perfect, once possessed. So with the seasons.

Soon Sue and Ruthie's short starched skirts were whirling about as the two adeptly set the table, and Dave was in sniffing at the bacon while he leaned against the drain board with a text book in his hand, his lips forming soundlessly phrases he was putting to memory.

This was a grand time of day. Everybody belonged to Julia now. Until breakfast they were hers, but she couldn't keep them after that. The world would intrude in the morning paper and later as they went their separate ways.

They used to be hers all day long. A small chubby David used to beg for pot tops and pie tins to bang happily together and a curly headed Clare gurgled at the noise. And Hank and Sue were crawling and toddling through their days, nor was Tom ever so much gone for the young needs bound him to them all. How fast they were growing, up, up, up and inevitably away. They had to go. They were born for that. Only . . . Julia sighed. Too bad all seven children in the house were not her very own. The wonderful years could then be prolonged.

At the breakfast table the outer world did come blundering in just as she knew it would. With a look of regret Tom muttered over his paper, "Looks bad about the mines."

"The strike is going through?" Julia questioned. The mines were personal for all their being outside the Manning home. Their operation touched too many people she knew and cared about for their activities to be ignored.

"Afraid so." Tom said.

"If they close the mines, Uncle Tom," Frances asked, "what will the people do?"

"They're probably wondering that too."

"You mean, just like that?" Barney snapped two long fingers, "Practically the whole population of Copper City will be out of work?"

"Just like that," Tom said, snapping his fingers back at Barney. "And for nothing. A few agitators circulate rumors and ideas. The men get worked up to the point of striking and poof, the task is done."

Apropos of nothing, Clare observed, "Ginny Galvin may win the St. Mary Scholarship." The observation was apropos of nothing and apropos of everything. Ginny Galvin's father was a miner. He was one of the enterprising skilled ones who applied himself on the contract basis and so managed to provide a snug warm home for his family. With the mines pounding on shift after shift until Fall, Ginny could well take advantage of that coveted scholarship awarded each year to the highest ranking senior student at Girls' Central High. If the mines shut down, Ginny would never venture into College, leaving uncertainty and insecurity behind.

The Galvin family was just one of those dependent on the mines. There were hundreds of others, made up of the boys and girls who were the class mates of the Mannings.

The house was very quiet when the last goodbye had been shouted back from the whirl of snow into which each Manning joyfully plunged. Thoughtfully Julia watched the persistent descent of flakes as she washed dishes. The best window in the house was the one she faced as she worked at her sink. It was the best because Julia pampered herself to that extent. In the summer time there was a deep hued pansy bed to be seen and tall hollyhocks against the garage, or the blossoms on the one rugged little apple tree. Now the snow flakes graciously presented a moving line of loveliness between the crisp parted curtains.

The advent of winter would be hailed with less ardor in the mining homes than if the strike were not the most sombre cloud in the sky. There was always that fear of the little ones growing wan and sickly during the chill months if there was not an abundance of the good things to keep them well. There was that horror at the rising price of fuel, the thinness of much worn garments, the apprehension at the sound of a cough. Many a woman was at her breakfast dishes as was Julia with thoughts of these things in her head.

Julia gloried in the mining folk and in all they represented. There was courage and romance and splendor in the way they lived. It took a brave man and a good man to pit himself against the hard flesh of the earth and to become the master. She remembered her first visit to a mine in operation. The excitement of the swift descent from the surface, the darkness and the small lights on the men's caps, the sound of the drill, the rolling of the carts and the feeling that here was an explanation of Creation. God made the world and then placed man here and all of it was his, the trees on top with roots in

earth and boughs in the sky. The gleaming copper on wires strung high and the sombre toned copper in the heavy ore as yet a part of earth. And all of it belonged to God.

As Julia wrung dry her cloth and spread it smoothly on the narrow enamel rack, the thought occurred to her that there should be an active way to combat the threat to security. There must be a way. There always was.

With a plan swiftly taking form, Julia Manning began to do things for her house so it could get along without her for awhile. She set the oil thermostat at a low temperature so the place would be comfortable at lunch time, for of course she'd be there by then; she drew fresh water for the cat and filled a shallow pan with tidbits for him. Lastly she assembled her luncheon into the gas oven and turned her temperature to a proper level, so it would be prepared by noon. With these things done, she might pilfer the remainder of the morning if she chose.

All the while she slipped on overshoes and selected a hat least allergic to snow and brushed her heavy coat, her head was humming with her plan. It was a pretty simple plan. A rather obvious one. But it was a powerful one. She looked out the window toward the base of Big Butte. The snow shut off her view but well she knew what was there. The little homes were there, the brave valiant little homes of the Galvins, the Vaheys, the O'Rourkes, the Mahoneys and the McBrides. Truly the occupants of these homes would present a formidable array . . . once united. Well . . . formidable was not exactly the proper term. An appealing array . . . for there was no need for force or formidable approach to the destination of Julia's plan. There was never a need to be more than gentle at the petitioning of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

CHAPTER SEVEN

JULIA walked with her head held high. She wanted to meet the snow flakes as they powdered toward her face. Some of the flakes committed swift suicide against the warmth of her cheeks, while the wiser ones attempted to ride along atop the lift of her long lashes. Julia blinked off these bolder ones and felt a glow rising in the wake of the chill moisture from the others.

From the turn at the base of the hill Julia looked back at the high old Manning house, unperturbed in the storm. It seemed large indeed in comparison to the smaller homes all clustered together down the incline. It looked like an old hen with her brood of little chicks. Too bad it had no feathers

of a sort to fluff protectingly about the little homes. If only it had wings to keep them safe and warm.

Julia went first to the Galvins, perhaps because they had been in her mind since the mention of Ginny at the breakfast table. There was no need to press the door bell there as she reached the front porch, for she there encountered the two very wide and very blue eyes of Lucy, Nell Galvin's youngest child. Lucy was there at the window of the door, absorbed completely in baby wonder at the slow earthward motion of all this white loveliness. Julia reached out and placed her forefinger directly over the flattened blob of Lucy's nose. The blue eyes sparkled in answer and the lace curtain dropped into place as the small face disappeared and Julia heard a shrill voice crying, "Mommie, Mommie, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Manning."

"Coming, coming, coming," a clear voice assured them both and in an instant the door was welcoming wide, "Come in, Julia. Come in." Nell Galvin was half shaking hands and half drawing her toward the neat living room.

"No you don't, Nell Galvin," Julia said. "It's bad enough that one of us is out of her kitchen at this hour. Let's get back to yours."

Nell smiled and as she did the thought came to Julia how much like Ginny she must have looked as a girl. Probably her hair was as mysteriously dusky then as her daughters, her skin as clear and her eyes as incredibly blue. Now the eyes of Nell Galvin were separated from one another by a small avenue of wrinkles and there was a general air of having been worn down, about her. Her dress was faded and failed to respond even to the thorough dipping into starch and the subsequent ironing it had received. Her hair, well stranded with grey, was pulled into a serviceable knot at the back of her head and that was too bad, for the Galvin hair was the kind that deserved a flair for itself. A flair perhaps like Ginny gave it, with its glossy shine from faithful brushing, and its willingness to wave becomingly about a face. The thought of Ginny made Julia glad that she had traipsed off impulsively like this into the storm. Good thing that meat loaf had been her scheduled luncheon. There was never a need to pamper and baste a meat loaf to achieve a delectable taste.

The two women went into the kitchen with Lucy holding joyously to the visitor's thumb. "Here let me take your things," Nell said. "It's good for yourself to be out like this in the grand new snow. I'm glad to see you taking advantage of it and proud indeed that you've come to call." She added then, "Your own kitchen sees too much of you, if you'd be asking what it is Nell Galvin thinks."

"That," said Julia, "is exactly why I've come, to ask Nell Galvin what she thinks. But the question is about a matter of a great deal more importance than my kitchen and myself in it. By the way, Nell, you might just in passing, tell me what's wrong with my kitchen?"

"Nothing at all and you know it. Your kitchen is a wonderful place entirely with half the population of Copper City inhabiting it the minute school is out and devouring like as though they were starved, all the fine things you've managed to concoct the few hours they were gone."

"Just so I know you're not dissatisfied with that kitchen of mine."

"Go on with you," Nell said. She picked up the wooden spoon which had been resting beside an earthenware bowl on the table. With long steady motions her strong arm began a rhythmic beating of the contents of the bowl. Julia leaned over from where she had sunk into the chair on the other side of the table and peered questioningly into the bowl. "Gingerbread," she exclaimed. "Too bad I didn't come to spend the day."

"Gingerbread it is, and whether or not you've come to spend the day, I'll never consent to your leaving until the two of us have sampled the gingerbread over a cup of tea."

"Well..." Julia demurred mildly.

"Never mind. It only takes one half hour for it to cook. That is," she added, "at 450 degrees fahrenheit. That information, Mrs. Manning, is correct, for it came out of the elegant cook book you gave me yourself."

Julia grinned back at her. There had been a cooking feud between the two, with Julia a scientific cook, with methods and precision in every move she made and her neighbor down the slope, a pinch and taste cook of the very highest calibre. Each produced delectable burdened pots and pans of food and each championed her method. Not until Ginny asked her Mother to teach her certain things about cooking did Nell give in. "Honestly," she said to Julia, "I just thought that I should be ashamed not to know what I was doing and how much and how long. If I could not tell my child a way that would pass anywhere, then I wasn't an entire success." So Julia made her a present of a new cook book and she declared it amazingly simple to adjust her recipes to the book. "It's like playing a game and knowing the proper rules and amount of score." It was a brave bow to progress, Nell had made.

Julia watched the capable hands lightly whip the batter a near tone of amber with the sturdy wooden spoon. Without breaking her rhythm Nell asked,

"What's this about what Nell Galvin thinks?" Abruptly Julia plunged in, "How does John say it is at the mines?"

"Bad," Nell said. Clop, clop went her spoon against the bowl and the single word hit the mellow kitchen harshly with its sound.

"He thinks the strike will come?"

Nell tilted her bowl and let run the batter into a greased and waiting pan. "Of course it will come." The sparkle was out of her eyes. "It always comes. You put by money to paint the house or to get a new stove and then the mines close down and you're lucky you've had a bit laid by so the little ones don't suffer with no money coming in. Then the mines get going and John swears he will have no part of it again and then what happens?" The rhetorical question dangled helplessly while the long pan was shoved into the oven.

Nell came and sat then across from Julia. "It happens over again. Himself is like the rest. Someone tells him he is a born leader. He sticks out his chest and that does him for awhile. Then they tell him he's not appreciated. They begin to hint at what he owes his fellow workers and first thing you know, my John and the likes of him are the tools that are doing the dirty work for those who have their own ends to serve." Julia did not answer. She, too, had seen the thing happen more than once. She, too, knew the rest of the story, but Nell went on anyway. "Then they had a big Hurrah meeting. Out of the cut and dried plans the men think they are making the decision. They are not. They never do. But they'll be important with their 'ayeing' and 'noing' and all, and it will come out in favor of the strike and before you know it my John and all the rest are sitting morning after morning by the kitchen stove pretty much ashamed of themselves but too late. The worst of it is they are going to do it again."

"It's about that I want to talk, Nell. Let's stop them."

Nell looked incredulously at her caller. "With no disrespect to you or the Professor, Julia Manning, even you aren't big enough."

"I know that, Nell. Nor they say was Father Rooney, our Pastor."

"Nor anybody."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"You wouldn't have reference to His Excellency, the Bishop, would you then?"

"I wouldn't even stop at the Bishop. I think the matter is important enough for the Blessed Mother herself, to use her influence with her Son."

(To be continued)

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

The Fourth Article

THE COMMUNIST THREAT

H. C. McGinnis



IN DISCUSSING Communism, Socialism and Liberalism as threats to American democracy, we shall not discuss them in the order of their importance. Communism is not now to be feared nearly as much as Socialism; while Liberalism is already well established and in the saddle insofar as our economic life is concerned. From the purely American point of view, Communism's threat is much more easily disposed of than the other two. Socialism comes next. But, from the general democratic view—that is, considering democracy all over the world,—Communism is a threat which increases by leaps and bounds. Since, in today's world, what seriously affects other nations finally affects the American way of life, we must fully understand that ideology's fatal dangers.

Before taking up these dangers, we may find it profitable to briefly review Communism's progress within the past quarter century and also those changes which have taken place within Communist Russia. We must first realize that the Communism practiced in Russia now is not the Communism of Lenin and Trotsky. In one sense, the changes which have taken place are advantageous to democratic peoples; in another, very disadvantageous. Lenin and Trotsky planned the complete overthrow of all capitalism as advocated by Marxian doctrines. They believed in a purely proletarian State. They also believed fanatically in a world wide revolution in which the "have-nots" would forcibly and violently strip the "haves" of their possessions. They believed that the beginnings of this revolution should run concurrently with the establishment of Marxian theories in Communist Russia.

Stalin has changed some of these aims, Time and necessity have changed others. Lenin and Trotsky were fanatically idealistic, Stalin is practical and realistic. When he came into control, he quickly saw that most of Marx's economic theories just don't make sense when applied in a practical way. During the Soviet's early days, the people were little better off than under the Czars. With a hard, cold commonsense not found in his predecessors, Stalin saw very plainly that Russia had absolutely no mission to wage wars and incite revolutions to make

the world safe for Communism until she could bring some kind of order out of the Red chaos which existed within herself. Under Lenin and Trotsky, the outside world was led to believe that life in Red Russia was all beer and skittles and a deadly censorship prevented most of the true facts from being known. However, those outside Communist enthusiasts who did get into the country to view real conditions were, for the most part, bitterly disappointed that their much touted doctrine wasn't working out the way it was supposed to. When Russian conditions did become immeasurably better under Stalin, these people were again disappointed to find that it was something other than Communism which was doing the work. In either case, the doctrines of Marx deserved no credit.

In the early days of Communist Russia, the application of Red idealism caused almost a complete breakdown of economic production. Carpenters, for example, were all paid the same, regardless of skill and production. Before long the inevitable happened: the quality and quantity of each worker's production settled upon that of the poorest and lowest, thus making construction costs prohibitive. A plumber, with an assistant or two, could spend all day doing a fifteen minute job and then didn't have to care if he had done it properly, for no one could fire him. Foremen and bosses of all kinds were selected because of their political fervor. They need have no knowledge of the work involved, their value to the State depending upon their ability to indoctrinate the workers with Communist principles. This was necessary to Communism's existence, for the Communists came into control when numbering only 5% of the total population. However, that 5% was organized, well armed, and placed in strategic positions with well conceived pre-arranged plans. After cowing the balance of the population by numerous mass shootings, the Reds then proceeded to buy allegiance by making every man a king—at least he was supposed to become one. Obviously no State in the world, even the tremendously wealthy United States, could pay indefinitely several times the value of labor and materials just to win political acclaim. Bankruptcy

of the direst sort faced the Red government which could obtain no outside credits. While all this was taking place, Lenin handled Russia's internal affairs while Trotsky organized a world wide organization which preached the wonders of this new ideology.

When death removed Lenin and Stalin entered the picture, it didn't take Russia's present leader very long to make some very definite changes. First off, he disagreed violently with Trotsky about the projected world revolution. Stalin very sensibly believed that Russia should pick the timbers out of its own eyes before attempting to remove splinters from the eyes of other nations. He believed that example is far more compelling than flowery and lying propaganda. When the argument waxed hot, Trotsky, remembering how he and Lenin used to settle arguments with their opponents, bethought himself of his skin and left his beloved Russia with unbelievable dispatch. He had suddenly perceived an entirely new perspective of a firing squad and the sight was not comforting. From then on, Russia's world propaganda had to live on reduced rations and what has been carried on is undoubtedly intended for defensive purposes more than offensive ones. Stalin, realizing that non-Communist nations would continue to be against Russia, saw the value of reducing their public opinions against him by counter propaganda. But he felt sure that Russia would have all it could do to straighten out its own messes during the next generation without trying to lead all others to sweetness and light. But not so with Trotsky. Until his assassination recently, he maintained a steady drum-fire of propaganda aimed at seducing the democracies. Not without friends of his own ilk in Russia, he was a constant thorn in the side of Stalin's plan to keep Russia out of all unnecessary foreign entanglements until she could achieve the strength which a friendless nation, abundantly rich in natural resources, must have. However, his undercover friends in Russia keep paying the price for their fidelity to him just as rapidly as Stalin OGPU can uncover them. Although Trotsky left many willing and capable subordinates behind him when he left earth to go wherever Communists go, his demise removed that sparkplug of unreasoning fanaticism which had guided Communist enthusiasts for world revolution from a time long before the Czar's overthrow. This is an advantage to all democratic peoples, especially since Stalin's propaganda activities, while still strong, aim at creating strong sentiments in favor of Russia but not necessarily in favor of a world upset.

Stalin also did another thing which aids the democracies in that it proves the failure of Marx's

anti-capitalistic theories. From the internal chaos which prevailed in Russia, he saw that economic progress demanded the time honored union between capital and labor. As a result, Communist Russia has become a nation with State capitalism. While this form of capitalism does remove the danger arising from predatory interests outside the government, it makes the loss of man's individuality positively certain because the government, acting as employer, can enforce its working laws by death penalties. However, this change, poor as it is, has removed a main weapon from the hands of Communist propagandists in other lands, for their main stock in trade consisted of preachments against everything which has the least capitalistic taint. Those American Communists who, far behind the current Soviet trends still orate vociferously against capitalism as a system, have lost their supporting evidence that anything and everything capitalistic is deadly to mankind's best interests. Now the only thing they can rant about is private capitalism, which tends to make their arguments far more Socialistic than Communistic. This has caused no little confusion in American Communist ranks.

Furthermore, Communist claims of the unnecessary of God received a humiliating slap in the face when Stalin issued his order permitting Russian Orthodox priests to accompany the troops to the front. This does not mean that Russian leaders have become religious; nor does it mean that any tolerance of religion will exist after the present emergency. But it does mean two things most definitely. First, it proves that Stalin and other Red leaders have been forced to admit that spiritual strength is mandatory when a people have to go through what today's Russians are undergoing. Secondly, it shows that Stalin has been forced, temporarily at least, to accede to his people's demands that they be permitted to have that spiritual comfort which they crave. Even Stalin has not been able to get his people to attain the heights of which they are naturally capable without the aid of that religion which he has tried to teach his people to despise. Despite the fact that Red commissars are co-commanders of each Red military unit, despite the OGPU which hovers like a starving harpy over the smallest incidents in the daily lives of Russia's people, despite Stalin's utter ruthlessness in blood-purging anyone who disagree in the slightest with his mandates, Stalin discovered that he could lead his soldiers to battle but he couldn't make them fight like the heroes they are unless he weakened concerning Communism's cherished beliefs about the supremacy of atheism. Just where the millions of members of the League of Fighting Godless now

(Continued on page 194)

GOD AND SOME UNGODLY ADVERTISING

Q. M. PHILLIP

CHRIST made a mistake. He came into the world at the wrong time. Had he waited until the advent of newspapers and the radio, the religion He founded would have had a faster growth and would not now be the wasted and decrepit thing that it is. Why, with a little of the right kind of publicity He would have emancipated the whole world for its ill, if it had any. But He made a mistake, and it's too late for Him to start over again. If there is any new starting to be done, it must be done by persons more modern and more advanced in their thinking. Indeed, by persons who are above any such sordid or messy business like dying on a cross.

Please, I am not deliberately sarcastic. If there is a bite in my pen, it is the bite of righteous indignation. As a Catholic layman, as one who is a member of the largest and most honored religious body in the country, I resent the insults that are flung in my face nearly every time I pick up a newspaper or a popular magazine. And I resent them because they are an affront to my intelligence and a scandal to all my non-Catholic friends. The real Protestant resents them even more than I.

We may laugh at the Father Divines, the Aimee Semple McPhersons, the hundred and one other religious jokesters whose power for mischief far exceeds their intent for good. We may even get a belly laugh out of the Ballards and their St. Germain and the Hugh Carrutherses who sweep simple imaginations with their stories about Tibetan mysticism. But, if we are to face the troublesome horde soberly, we must realize that sooner or later we'll have to call their hand and show them up for what they are.

It's getting so now that it's almost impossible to pick up a newspaper or magazine anywhere without a big advertisement telling you that a certain gentleman in an Idaho hamlet actually and literally talked with God. On a certain night, when the world had beaten him so badly that he scarce had more than a pair of pants left to his name, he got together with God. Therefore, his was an exclusive case matched nowhere in history, or so he implies. Abraham, Moses, the prophets, Job, the array of saints and martyrs—why, they just ain't! Besides, God wouldn't bother about making any revelations

to the orthodox. That kind of stuff was reserved for a pitiful drug clerk in Moscow, Idaho. And the poor old world had to do without it until a fateful year in the twentieth century. Everything before that was sheer invention and ignorance.

According to the advertising literature of the erstwhile drug clerk, he now has a beautiful home (mortgage paid undoubtedly), a beautiful car (presumably with a C card for gas), life insurance in no mean amount, a bank account that would startle you; in short, he is endowed with every material blessing imaginable, including ownership of a newspaper (circulation unknown, but guaranteed not to dismay anyone). All this was not his a dozen or more years ago, when he was unaware of the God-law and the God-Realm.

What is the God-law, and what is the God-Realm? Well, brother, what is apple taffy? It's spun from the same ingredients used by the Rosicrucians to further the wonderful things they mean to do for the world. The names may be different, and the approach to your pocketbook may vary slightly in detail, but the aim is the same: to give you what you ain't got in return for what you ain't going to have. Did Barnum ever give a sucker a break? Don't be silly.

Were I a priest or theologian, I'd sink my hooks deep into the teachings of this organization which for a sum of twenty to thirty dollars presumes it can make you anything you want to be, or show you how you can get anything you want. But I am neither a priest nor theologian, but an ordinary citizen who is painfully familiar with all kinds of sucker bait. It's your money and not your misery that talks to these founders of cults that promise you everything but the rude awakening at the end of the mumbo-jumbo trail.

But suppose I stop quarreling with the sordid money end of the thing. Suppose I apply my ordinary intelligence and my ordinary knowledge to the so-called teachings of the cult. What is the first thing that chagrins me? I am up to my ears in blasphemy. For what else could you call it?

"Psychiana" teaches that Christ was but a man—even as you and I. But He recognized that All Power was given unto Him, just as All Power is now given unto you, through the great God-law. He

was not a Savior, in the sense that He came to die for our sins. History is given the lie. The Gospels that have withstood twenty centuries of attack are not even considered in a passing note. In fact, "Psychiana" declares that most of the religious structure today is a direct remnant of old superstitions.

Well, if I am a man who believes in something that is a remnant of old superstitions, I am among a very noble company. For my intellectual towers of blackness, I have Peter, Paul, Jerome, Augustine, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, and scores upon scores of others. Are they not more to be respected than a one-time pill dispenser in an Idaho whistle stop, who to this day probably seeks God in a plethora of words and wordy confusion? For "Psychiana" is a confusion of words, no less so than the literary babel of Jehovah's Witnesses, though without the latter's unvarnished impudence, offensively speaking.

In one of the booklets by which the founder of the Idaho cult swings new members to his organization, he says the vision he is giving the world has been called and probably is the most revolutionary advance since the Reformation. I beg to ask that since when has the Reformation been considered an advance? And how can a substitution of error for truth be considered an advance? If Protestantism is an advance then why has it broken itself into countless sects and further scattered itself in each? I have only to look in any book of history and ascertain by indisputable fact that only one body, or Church if you please, has advanced to the eminence not even a bigot can misunderstand. To advance means to go forward—and, since the Reformation, every offspring of the Reformation has known bitter retrogression.

The founder of "Psychiana" goes to sarcastic length in speaking of the innumerable denominations and sects in existence. He claims that none of the religious organizations dares tell their following the truth, because if the truth were told it would empty their buildings. And, he continues, money won't come in from empty buildings. But why doesn't he do a bit of truth telling himself, admit he is merely adding another sect to the already too long list? And why does he jeer any church for being interested in money—keeping up your payments, he calls it—when himself he can't promote his interests without money, and sells his "course" of twenty "lessons" on the easy payment plan? He could at least try to be consistent with his own ideas.

However, I said I would get away from the money end of the thing, hard as that is to do when the

thing is so patently a mail order scheme for the making of money.

One gleans from the literature of the enterprise that the founder of "Psychiana" was at one time a Baptist, or at least had parents who practiced the Baptist religion. He says that in his childhood he was informed that through Adam's "sin" (his quotation marks throughout), away back yonder in the beginning, the entire human race, himself included, was in a naturally "lost" condition from which the only avenue of escape lay in an experience called "conversion," which experience came subsequent to another experience called "repentance." If these experiences did not come to him, then, by no possible chance could he ever enter "heaven," but was automatically doomed to live forever in a lake burning with fire and brimstone. Jesus, he was told, by being crucified on the cross of Calvary, paid the debt which God demanded of him, and when he had gone through these two experiences of "repentance" and "conversion," then by an additional quality called "faith in Jesus Christ," he might, if he did not "backslide," finally have his name written in a book which God himself was keeping up in the sky, and which was called "The Lamb's Book of Life." And so on, in a manner that makes even the staunchest Catholic feel sorry for the man's sincere Baptist parents, and friends. For anyone who turns his back on the faith of his childhood and makes bald fun of it does nothing more than play a dirty trick on every sentiment the normal human heart holds dear. It's a long way from heathenism to Christianity, but even the converted heathen will not make fun of the darkness from which he escaped. That sort of thing is not funny.

All through the "Psychiana" literature, if it can be called literature, the emphasis is on wealth and material things. Everywhere the stress is on Power—Pulsating, Surging, Dynamic Power: Go out and get while the getting is good. Through the mighty operations of the God-law which will illumine your mind, reach out for the dollars and baubles which the world owes you, and, presumably, don't be sorry about anything. You have the example of the founder before you. He states frankly that many preachers have told him he is a "lost soul," but, he adds: 'Maybe so—but I'm having a pretty good time for a "lost soul."'

Now that is really a philosophy for you. . . . "I'm having a pretty good time." Just any of you go out and see if you can find anyone who willingly will lay down his life for a philosophy of that kind—one martyr for the cause of "eat, drink and be merry." You will not have success, for there has not yet been born one who deliberately would give his life for empty vanities, unless he was utterly a

fool. Martyrs are people who die for a principle; and by no stretch of the imagination is there a principle involved in the mere accumulation of wealth or in the possession of goods which rot and decay with time. A million or ten million sets of "Psychiana" courses, at twenty to thirty dollars a throw, will not produce one Stephen, or one Paul, or one maiden who will guard her chastity with her life.

"Personally," says the founder of "Psychiana," "I'm perfectly satisfied with a God who can, and does give to me an abundance of supply here and now. If God can do that here, he can also do it in the 'hereafter.' If he cannot do that now, neither can he do it in 'heaven,' wherever that fabled place may be."

And, elsewhere, the founder of "Psychiana" says: "Besides, as far as being a 'lost soul' goes—there is no proof of that. It is just simply an old religious superstition, and no thinking or reasoning American mind would entertain it for one second. Of course, there are many left yet whom these differing religious organizations still keep in fear and trembling and superstition, but those good souls are perfectly welcome, as far as I am concerned, to go through life lacking its very necessities. They can do that if they care to—that is their privilege. They can let the beauties of abundant supply in this life through the Power of God go by, and can cherish their hope of a 'home in heaven' if they want to."

Now, I am a thinking and reasoning American mind, and I positively disagree with the ugly statements contained in the above quotation. Moreover, I contend "Psychiana" is not strictly a religious movement, as it purports itself to be in its advertising and in its corporation papers. It is, rather, one of those queer inventions of shrewd and designing minds which rise from time to time to plague the better elements among mankind. Fools, like paupers, we will always have with us; and no matter what is advertised, it will always draw a certain number of followers; hence "Psychiana" will have its advocates and apostles until, in time, it will go the way of all psychical nonsense that preceded it. We've had a lot of that in times past, and we may have more in time to come, and "Psychiana" is by no means the first, last, or only thing of its kind under the sun.

However, to give the devil his due, it may not be amiss to see how "Psychiana" explains itself as a religious movement. I quote, "... it deals exclusively with the Power of the Spirit of God. It is a long way from being an 'orthodox' Movement however. For instance, we do not believe that Almighty God made a mistake when he created this universe, and, to rectify that mistake, drowned

out the entire human race like rats in a trap. Neither do we believe that Almighty God created man 'in sin,' and prescribed the only remedy lies in believing that Almighty God Himself was murdered on a cross to provide the only avenue of escape from an eternal doom in hell."

If "Psychiana" cannot believe that which has divine and historical evidence behind it, then how can it believe "... the spirit which created this universe, and man, actually lives in every created man and woman. When that Power is intelligently drawn upon and used, man naturally finds that the Power of the Spirit of God is abundantly willing, and able, to bring to man everything right and proper he can desire. If God cannot do this, then there is no God worth having."

And this, I suppose, is considered the clincher in the "Psychiana" argument to justify itself: "The creeds of 'orthodoxy' naturally are very precious to it. But any man in his right mind knows that some new and more potent picture of God is necessary if this world is to be saved from a recurrence of the horrible bloodshed that is bathing the world today. The 'orthodox' story of Almighty God has had 2000 years to demonstrate its power, if it has any power. We do not believe 'orthodoxy' has any ability to actually demonstrate the actual Power of the Spirit of God in human lives. It has a right, however, to teach anything it wants to. Being a religious corporation, we have the same right. 'Psychiana' is demonstrating the Power of the Spirit of God on this earth."

Take it, my friends, from someone who has spent considerable time studying strange religious cults, "Psychiana" is demonstrating nothing but the power of well planned and consistent advertising. God will not be mocked, whether in Moscow, Russia, or Moscow, Idaho. Sooner than we may even think "Psychiana" will be but a memory of the weird times that spawned it, and 'orthodoxy' will have one less thorn to contend with. For, know you, that God did not create man in sin, but that man sinned against God, and that these strange religious cults are but extensions of that sin, a weak and wrong effort to escape from the narrow and harrowing confines of a sore conscience.

So, the next time you pick up your newspaper or a favorite magazine and see a full page spread about the man who talked with God, resolve you have done with that publication. If the love of the almighty dollar is so intense to the owner or editor that they can't refuse circulation to even the most blatant blarney, you can be sure their religious principles aren't much higher than those of the man who thinks nothing of the honest scruples of sixty million church-going Americans.

SUNDAY IS PAY DAY

(Continued from page 171)

"Behold, here I am" in our soul, then we have surely departed from the active realization of belonging to God. Was it not formerly our greatest joy when we were told: "We shall go into the house of the Lord" (Ps. 121:1). "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me?" (Ps. 42:5).

Why do we let ourselves become so disturbed over trifles that are of no importance? Why are we so moody, so dissatisfied, and so critical? One day we must leave all these things that make us sad or disquiet us. We must leave men, who harm us and whom we cannot bear. We must leave all that binds us to the earth and that immerses us so much in earthly things. God alone remains, and if we are subject to Him, then also our hours of care and anxiety will become quiet and peaceful again, then our soul will regain its equilibrium, since we know that everything comes under the all-piercing gaze of God. "As the eyes of the handmaid are on the hands of her mistress, so are our eyes unto the Lord, our God, until He have mercy on us" (Ps. 122:2). Each Sunday should turn our souls in this direction.

Hence, it will be a question that must penetrate to the very depths of our soul—in what state do we leave the divine service on Sunday? Are we more adaptable for the things of God, more willing to carry out His commands? Is our life each time a more joyous striving towards God, or does it remain a cold "must," half of it to be spent for the world and half for Him? Perhaps there is, therefore, no right tenor, no free breathing in our Chris-

tian life, because we do not resign ourselves unconditionally into the hands of God, which is worthy of Him alone. Only he who subjects himself to God will be free for all eternity.

God, then speaks to man: "I will bring thy seed from the East, and gather thee from the West. I will say to the North; Give up; and to the South: Keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth. And every one that calleth upon my name, I have created him for my glory, I have formed him and made him" (Is. 43:5-7).

With Holy Mother Church we should pray, as she does every morning: "Come, let us adore, and fall down, and weep before the Lord that hath made us. For in His Hands are all the ends of the earth; and the heights of the mountains are His. For the sea is His, and He made it, and His Hand formed the dry land. Come, let us adore and fall down, and worship the Lord that made us. For He is the Lord, our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His Hand" (Ps. 94).

Saturday is *your* pay day on which your employer gives you just wages for the labor you have performed during the week. Sunday is *God's* pay day, on which you pay Him your just debt of adoration, gratitude, and love for all the blessings received from His paternal Hand during the week. You give yourself and all His gifts back to Him by devoutly assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and you depart enriched with greater graces and blessings for the week days of toil and suffering.

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 190)

stand in Red Russia's present scheme of things must be a headache-producing puzzle to Communism's advocates all over the world.

In fact, the past several years have made Communist propagandists back water on several of their allegedly strongest fronts. American Communists have had to become acrobats to follow the rapid changes in the party front. All this has been very disconcerting to them, causing no end of embarrassment as they have been compelled to do one change of face after another. Yet, generally speaking, they also have much to brag about. It is undeniable that today the Russian peasant and worker lives on a better plane than ever before. The gains against nation wide illiteracy have been nothing short of astounding, so great has become the per-

centage that now enjoys the advantage of some education. The percentage of skilled workers and professional people is mounting rapidly and the nation is producing more and more of its industrial needs. Although many of these gains are due to the supplanting of purely Marxian principles by ones which perhaps rate the title of Stalinism, Soviet Russia remains a most potent threat to true democracy and to the Christian conception of society.

There is little doubt that a United Nations' victory will make the responsibility for society's future course lie among Russia, Britain, and America. Russia will have a powerful voice in postwar reconstruction. Therefore it is vitally important that we next determine if there is anything at all which Russian ideology can do that can't be done much better by Christian democracy.

The Virgin and the Maid

Marie Lauck

THE BEAUTIFUL month of Mary has seldom been associated with little Joan of Arc, for after all it belongs to the Blessed Virgin. Yet the month of May and Our Lady herself were prominent in that remarkable little Martyr's short and blighted life.

Perhaps because it was so ordained that Joan have St. Catherine and St. Margaret as her special counselors, Joan's devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been overlooked. Yet her earliest devotion was to Our Lady, for her childhood prayers were at a rustic wayside shrine when, slipping away from the other children, small Joan prayed at the tiny chapel of "Our Lady of Bermont."

Joan's own description of the most loved childhood spot, under her tree, was "le Fau," a native word for beech, "whence comes the fair May." This refers to the peasant custom of plucking its branches to be set before their homes on May Day. May Day was the general dedication of the month to Mary. It may be inferred that the tree was precious to Joan because of its association with Our Lady.

The heroic saga of Joan of Arc is too well known for my unworthy pen to detail. But her first purpose was to raise the siege of Orleans. This hitherto impossible task she did in a comparative few days in the May of 1429. Her first battle and first sight of blood on the battlefield and her first wound in the fray occurred during this May attack. Joan's rise to brightest glory from dubious insignificance thus was accomplished in the month of Mary.

Joan was deeply aware, too, of the Virgin's feast days. It was not well to fight on Assumption Day and Joan's most lackadaisical scrimmage was that necessitated by the Assumption Day meeting with the enemy on the Field of Montépilloy, 1429. Joan's resignation to the treachery all around her might

be dated, too, from the Feast of the Virgin's Nativity, September 8th, when in 1429 the siege of Paris was halted against Joan's will. She was dragged unwilling and wounded from the battlefield and she ended by laying aside her famous white armor at the Altar of St. Denis.

It was in May of 1430 that the Maid was captured. Her imprisonment, the derisive trial, and mockery came to its most horrible climax in May of 1431, even to the chaining of the Maid and attempts to violate her virginity. On the 30th of May, 1431, she was ignominiously burned. Among the many startling facts about this mere girl, thanklessly martyred after miraculously saving her country, is that Joan was never actually sentenced. Though she suffered merciless death by fire, she was commended by her Examiners to civil authorities with the request to deal with her gently. The civil judge, perhaps desirous of avoiding the blame for this ugly deed, did not more than "wave her to the executioner with the words, 'do your duty.'"

Joan's words, except responses to questioning at the trial, are seldom directly quoted, yet Our Lady is frequently mentioned, usually in a phrase coupling her with the Deity: "I commended myself to God and Our Lady and jumped," Joan says, describing her attempted escape from prison.

No doubt it was by Divine inspiration that Joan the Maid was canonized May 16th, 1920. Our Lady isn't mentioned much in the biographies of Joan of Arc. But the brave little maid used Our Lady as her Virgin model. Our Lady must have so ordained it that Joan the Maid, who spurned the courts of her country to continue serving it in the field should share in the courts of Eternity the months of May with the Queen of Heaven.



Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

There is no false pride about some people. It is absolutely genuine!

Why do so many toss brick-bats instead of roses? Is it because the rose is too thorny to handle?

If your clouds are gray, turn them inside out yourself to get the silver lining.

The true Christian is one who wishes others not a happy birthday, but a happy death!

Any Saint will tell you that a human love is a poor substitute for the love of God.

God's mercy is never rationed.

If you keep busy the devil cannot take you over for a workshop.

Anger, sooner or later, becomes a boomerang.

All things come to him who waits: Heaven to the good; Hell to the wicked who wait too long to repent.

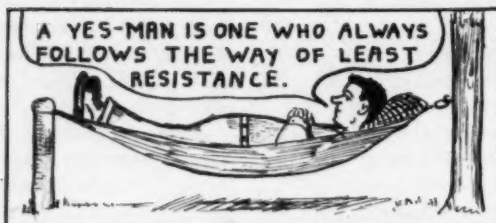
Those who teach themselves the way of the spiritual life have very poor teachers.

One thing about becoming a Saint is that one can become one in any walk of life. History proves it.

If your mind directs your hand and heart you will not be as one beating the air.

Those who do not take the little steps often find this lack of practice effects their failure in taking the big ones.

There are those that do God's work, but not His will.



A good Samaritan is one who binds up the wounded feelings of his fellow man.

Our best friends are our worst enemies if they lead us into sin.

To love a human is human, but to love God is more human for that is what man was created for.

All the world's a stage, but most of us will have to be satisfied with a minor role.

Forbidden fruit may be pleasant in the eating, but God always demands restitution.



THE PROMISED FAT
POLITICAL PLUM
SOMETIMES TURNS OUT
TO BE A DRIED PRUNE
WHEN IT IS DELIVERED.

Do not long for what you have not, but make use of what you have.

Learn to serve God under present circumstances and you will serve Him under future ones.

For the average Christian there are Ten Rules to observe in playing the game of life; for those who would play a better game there are the counsels from the Gospel.

The first step in loving one's enemies is to get along with them.

Don't let your ideals be earth-bound. Fix them in the stars.

There is no such thing as a blue Monday; it's just a blue fellow thinking of Sunday.

The man who looks back knows history; the one who looks ahead makes history.

When prayer becomes as important in the life of a nation as bread, then that nation won't have to worry about bread.

For the fool life is a three-ring circus of the world, the flesh, and an angel that fell from Heaven; but not a good angel.

The man who tries to drown his sorrow usually finds himself shipwrecked.

If you are looking for fun, don't look for it in sin, for there is Hell to be paid!

Money is not so much the root of all evil as the things that money can buy.

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